

# APPLES OF GOLD IN PICTURES OF SILVER

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ROBERT L. SELLE





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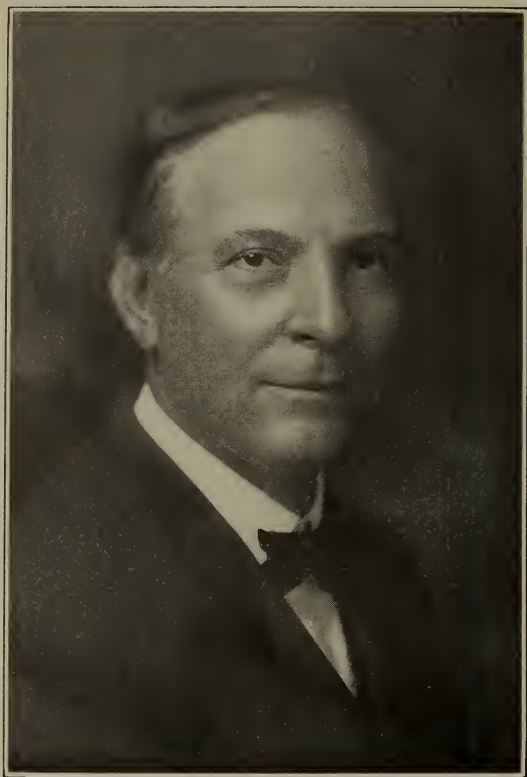
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Faithfully Yours,  
Robt. L. Selle -

# APPLES OF GOLD IN PICTURES OF SILVER

By

Rev. Robert L. Selle, D. D.



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no 1.

TO MY WIFE  
APPLES OF GOLD IN PICTURES OF SILVER  
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

## WRITINGS OF

REV. ROBERT L. SELLE, D. D.

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## INTRODUCTION.

From childhood to the present time  
My inner consciousness unfolds  
In thought and word within this book,  
And now therefore my life it holds.  
Of theories I have not written,  
But things I saw, and felt and heard—  
Realities for living souls  
In every stanza, line and word.

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## CONTENTS.

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### PART I.

The Supreme Moment .....	13
The Joy of Going On .....	14
I Did Not Count the Cost .....	15
The Climb to Heaven . . . . .	16
The Trip Without Return .....	17
Converted in Youth .....	18
The Moment I Believed . . . . .	19
Not Long to Wait . . . . .	20
A Message For The Young .....	21
The Best That Heaven Possessed. ....	22
What Young Women Can Do .....	23
He Will Never Fail .....	24
No Wreck With Jesus Christ .....	25
My Mother's Face .....	26
The Touch of Heaven and Earth. ....	27
How a Helpless Bird Was Helped .....	28
The Spider and Its Web. ....	29
Jesus in Gethsemane. ....	31
Bishop Frank M. Bristol .....	33
Vincie Queal . . . . .	35
Bridging the Chasm . . . . .	38
All Things in Season .....	40
In the Beginning. . . . .	43
The Church on the Hill .....	48
A Prayer for Universal Peace .....	50
The Fallen Prince . . . . .	54



## PART II.

What the Lord Hath Done . . . . .	65
The Wireless Line . . . . .	66
He Came to Save Me . . . . .	67
Sufficient Grace . . . . .	68
He Quells The Storm . . . . .	69
Looking Backward . . . . .	70
At the Beautiful Gate on High . . . . .	71
I Want to be Like Jesus . . . . .	72
My Life Has Never Been The Same . . . . .	73
The Holy Way . . . . .	74
The Passing of the Liquor Traffic . . . . .	75
Since Jesus Came Into My Soul . . . . .	76
Not Ashamed of Me . . . . .	77
Still Living . . . . .	78
'Tis Jesus . . . . .	79
My Mother's Life . . . . .	80
W. J. and Mrs. White . . . . .	82
The Fatal Choice . . . . .	83
Heaven Will Be Real At Last . . . . .	86
The Dog That Caught A Train . . . . .	87
Jesus The Central Theme . . . . .	91
Had They But Known It . . . . .	97
Prayers . . . . .	100
The Day of Pentecost . . . . .	102
The Judgment Day . . . . .	107

---

## PART III.

My Mother's Golden Key . . . . .	119
The Mercy Seat . . . . .	120
At Home With Jesus . . . . .	121
Jesus Walking On The Sea . . . . .	122

Leaving All To Jesus . . . . .	123
The Answer . . . . .	124
My Evening Meditation . . . . .	125
I Love The Lord . . . . .	126
The Merited Crown . . . . .	127
I Will See My Savior First Of All . . . . .	128
Belonging To The Royal Family . . . . .	129
Jesus, A Savior For All . . . . .	131
Finding The Lord . . . . .	132
Jesus, My Lord And King . . . . .	133
Voting The Country Dry . . . . .	134
My Guardian Angel . . . . .	135
Pictures Of Christ . . . . .	137
The Broad Way . . . . .	139
The Christian Standard. . . . .	141
Showers Of Grace . . . . .	145
What If They Had . . . . .	147
The Temptations of Jesus . . . . .	151
The General Conference . . . . .	154
Heaven Will Be Heaven For All . . . . .	156
Old Time Religion . . . . .	161
I Want To Help Some One Today . . . . .	171

---

#### PART IV.

The Angel at Gethsemane . . . . .	172
The Vine And The Branches . . . . .	173
Where Jesus Is 'Tis Heaven . . . . .	174
Because I Want To Do It . . . . .	175
Jesus Is Near . . . . .	176
The Sweetest Words . . . . .	177
The Church Bell . . . . .	178
Home At Last . . . . .	179

The Lord's Prayer .....	180
Fellowship With Jesus .....	181
Obedience .....	182
There'll Be No Delay .....	183
My Answer To Mother .....	184
Walking With Jesus .....	185
Forgetting and Remembering .....	186
Coming To The Cross .....	188
Broad Enough For Two .....	190
Where To See Jesus .....	192
Truth Is Truth .....	194
State Wide Prohibition .....	196
The Half Has Never Been Told .....	198
Jesus, Our Example .....	207
The Rich Man And Lazarus .....	210
The Course Of Life .....	213

---

## PART V.

The Hiding Place Of Adam .....	221
The Falling Sparrow .....	222
With Jesus I'll Go Through .....	223
I'm Coming Home .....	224
We're Working Together .....	225
The Good Old Way .....	226
The Sun of Righteousness .....	227
The Place of Prayer .....	228
Command Me Lord .....	229
The White Harvest Field .....	230
Safe in Danger .....	231
The Good Shepherd .....	232
Jesus Is My Friend .....	233
National Prohibition Hymn .....	235

If I Were A Little Bird . . . . .	237
The Song of the Highways and Hedges . . . . .	238
The Heathen's Plea . . . . .	240
Unanswered Prayer . . . . .	241
The Enemy Triumphant . . . . .	243
Zacchaeus. . . . .	245
I'm Only One, But I'm One. . . . .	248
The Secret of Success . . . . .	251
The Church of God . . . . .	255
The Eleven Commandments . . . . .	262

*PART I.*



## THE SUPREME MOMENT.

"He came to Himself." Luke 15:17.

No moment in our life can be  
Without importance in some way,  
Just as in Nature we ne'er see  
An atom that can go astray.

But in that moment most supreme,  
On which hangs destiny untold,  
We come to self, as in a dream,  
Just like the prodigal of old.

In that one moment we are shown  
Two hands, thus held up to the light—  
One hand points up, the other down,  
One to the left, one to the right.

In that one moment we must say  
Which is to be our final choice;  
Then comes the parting of the way—  
How much we need a warning voice!

Of life, that moment, is the crown;  
For after that the way is plain;  
'Tis right or wrong, 'tis up or down,  
And, as we choose—shall we remain?

## THE JOY OF GOING ON.

"He went on His way rejoicing." Acts 8:39.

There is a joy both sweet and strong,  
Which fills my heart with endless song;  
'Tis as the opening of the flower,  
Whose sweetness grows each passing hour—  
It is the joy of going on!

There's something like a thread of gold,  
That twines about my raptured soul;  
In ways I cannot understand  
It draws me to the Promised Land—  
It is the joy of going on!

Like beacon lights far, far ahead,  
Whose rays upon my path are shed,  
It lures me on from day to day  
In all I think, or do, or say—  
It is the joy of going on!

It holds me fast so that my eyes  
Are fixed upon the nearing skies;  
The way so straight, the path so bright,  
I see the dawn of heaven's light—  
It is the joy of going on!

A prophecy it surely is  
That He is mine, and I am His;  
That some day I will reach the place,  
Where I shall see my Savior's' face—  
It is the joy of going on!



## I DID NOT COUNT THE COST.

"I die daily." 1 Cor. 15:31.

When starting for the Land of Light,  
I did not count the cost!  
One thing I knew, and knew full well—  
I must be saved, or lost!

My Savior called from heaven above,  
And I could hear His voice;  
The devil called from hell below  
I had to make a choice!

I did not stop to count the cost;  
I told the Lord that I  
Would pay the price, and go with Him  
Up to His home on High!

I did not care to count the cost;  
My heart was fixed to go;  
The value of my soul is such—  
I felt it must be so!

I'm glad I did not count the cost,  
Since Jesus made me whole,  
For could I ever know the price—  
The price of my own soul?

## THE CLIMB TO HEAVEN.

"Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, he cannot be my disciple," Luke 14.27.

The climb to heaven is steep and straight,  
Beginning at the narrow gate.  
The entrance fee we all must meet,  
Is settled at the Mercy Seat.

The climb to heaven begins low down,  
But ends where waits a golden crown;  
The climb to heaven—all the way,  
Is made on bended knee each day.

The world, the devil, flesh and all,  
Are left behind at heaven's call;  
On things above the climber's heart  
Is fixed whene'er he makes his start.

Henceforth he has no eyes to see  
Aught which to him would hindrance be;  
No feet to walk in adverse ways,  
No lips for aught but heaven's praise.

The climb to heaven involves the will,  
The mind, the heart, complete, until  
The gate of glory being passed  
The climber shouts, "I'm home at last!"

## THE TRIP WITHOUT RETURN.

"And he was not, for God took him." Gen. 5:24.

No matter what one's life may be,  
Of joy, or peace, or happiness,  
One day he'll start upon a trip;  
A trip which will be returnless!

Many a trip he may have made  
O'er pleasant land, o'er burning plain,  
But wheresoe'er he may have gone  
He always came back home again!

And often in the olden days,  
When time seemed not to move so fast,  
He had to meet with great delays,  
But still he reached his home at last!

Yes, every journey's "go," and "come,"  
And some bring woe, some happiness,  
But there is one—when we leave home—  
Without return, to curse or bless!

How many friends of other days  
Have gone away upon this ship?  
And soon we'll travel in their ways  
And be on our returnless trip!

## CONVERTED IN YOUTH.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6:33.

I'm glad that young I found the Lord,  
And that my soul He saved from sin;  
I was a stranger when I came,  
But lovingly He took me in.

Through all the years that passed since then,  
A generation now and more,  
He's held my hand, disposed my steps,  
And led me near the happy shore.

Because the Savior's been my guide,  
I've missed the pitfalls by the way;  
He's gone before and kept me safe,  
Protecting me from day to day.

His fellowship through all the years  
Has satisfied my longing soul;  
And trusting Him, I'll follow on,  
Until I reach the Heavenly goal.

I'm glad while young I found the Lord,  
And that my life to Him was given;  
He means so much to me on earth,  
And He will mean e'en more in Heaven!

## THE MOMENT I BELIEVED.

"Immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed him."  
Matt. 20:34.

The moment I believed  
Christ Jesus I received!  
The past was all forgiven,  
My name inscribed in heaven!

The moment I believed  
My heart was so relieved;  
The Holy One was there,  
He'd heard and answered prayer.

The moment I believed  
New life was then conceived;  
Old things had passed away—  
New things had come to stay.

The moment I believed  
My heart to Jesus cleaved,  
In Him I was made whole,  
Now heaven is my goal.

The moment I believed,  
And I was not deceived,  
My soul was filled with love  
Sent down from heaven above.

## NOT LONG TO WAIT.

"Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." Acts 7:56.

It isn't long to wait!  
It isn't far to go  
For Jesus' blood has washed  
Me whiter than the snow.

It isn't long to wait!  
It isn't far to go  
Until I reach my home,  
Where Jesus I shall know.

It isn't long to wait!  
It isn't far to go  
Until I leave this world  
And everything below.

It isn't long to wait!  
It isn't far to go  
Until I see the King  
From whom all blessings flow.

It isn't long to wait!  
It isn't far to go  
I hear the loving voice  
Of Jesus, sweet and low!

## A MESSAGE FOR THE YOUNG.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6:33.

If I could speak to all the young,  
To every boy and girl on earth,  
There is a message on my tongue,  
Of which they all could see the worth.

This message would be gladly sent—  
The knowledge gained in many years  
Of active service, which I've spent  
In joys and sorrows, hopes and fears.

It is a message from the heart,  
And to the heart it would be given;  
Weighed in the balances, each part,  
Is righteousness for earth and heaven.

This message I will give to you,  
So you may pass it on today,  
To some young friend who wants to do,  
And waits to know the better way:

The kingdom of the Lord seek first;  
Make Jesus Christ thy personal friend;  
Walk close with Him—flee from the cursed—  
That all thy life with His may blend.

## THE BEST THAT HEAVEN POSSESSED.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

God gave the best that heaven possessed—  
His only Son, the Holy One—  
Who left the sky that He might die  
Upon the tree to make man free.

God gave the best that heaven possessed,  
That man might stand in every land  
With heart a-right, and prospects bright  
For heaven above, where all is love.

God gave the best that heaven possessed  
To clear the way to endless day  
That every soul might be made whole  
In sweet accord with Christ the Lord.

God gave the best that heaven possessed,  
To save from sin, without, within;  
The price He paid, atonement made,  
That every one might be His Son.

God gave the best that heaven possessed  
To be the Light all through life's night  
That man might see what he should be  
To live forgiven and get to heaven.



## WHAT YOUNG WOMEN CAN DO.

"She hath done what she could." Mark 14:8.

Young woman, I've a message here,  
A message I will give to you;  
'Tis for the good of all mankind;  
'Tis something you can surely do.

You have the power within your grasp  
To end all war, and use of drink,  
Tobacco, cigarettes, and cards,  
If from the task you will not shrink.

And these are not the only things  
You have the power to drive away;  
Profanity and dancing, too,  
You can blot out within a day.

Concerted action, strong and firm,  
Among young women everywhere  
Will revolutionize the world,  
And lift up millions from despair.

But if all will not work as one,  
Still each can do her part alone;  
And God will see that her reward  
Is equal to the seed she's sown.

## HE WILL NEVER FAIL.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Heb. 13:5.

There is a Friend who'll never fail,  
No matter what the test may be;  
He's steadfast to the very end  
For all who will with Him agree.

There is a Friend who'll never fail,  
Though others fall away, or die;  
This Friend of Friends is Jesus Christ,  
The gift of God from heaven on high!

There is a Friend who'll never fail,  
No matter when, no matter where;  
In life or death, in youth or age,  
His comrade's burdens He will bear!

There is a Friend who'll never fail;  
When tried, he's ever proven true;  
And, best of all, He'll be the friend  
Of all who live His will to do.

There is a Friend who'll never fail;  
He's braved the storm and crossed the  
height  
And walked triumphant over death  
To save the lost from blackest night.

## NO WRECK WITH JESUS CHRIST.

"And, when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased."  
Matt. 14:32.

No boat with Jesus Christ aboard  
Can sink into the sea;  
He calmed the storm, our Savior Lord,  
Upon rough Galilee.

No heart with Jesus as its Light  
Can grow discouraged, cold;  
In Him are life, and health, and might—  
In Him none can grow old.

No life where Jesus holds His sway,  
Is wrecked by sin or shame;  
And what has been will be for aye—  
Christ always is the same.

No place with Jesus as the head,  
Can ever be destroyed;  
They're on the Rock—they have no dread—  
By Christ's own power they're bouyed.

Success in life, in death, we'll reap;  
Success on earth, in heaven;  
Success assured, if we but keep  
The Christ, and live forgiven!

## MY MOTHER'S FACE.

"As it had been the face of an angel." Acts 6:15.

For half a hundred years and more  
The scenes of time I have looked o'er,  
But the most beautiful of all  
Is the memory of my mother's face.

I've been in halls of art and fame,  
And looked at statues of great name,  
But the most beautiful of all  
Is the memory of my mother's face.

Often I've been in galleries rare,  
And looked at all the pictures there,  
But the most beautiful of all  
Is the memory of my mother's face.

I've looked on people, many, fair,  
Who've come from nations everywhere,  
But the most beautiful of all  
Is the memory of my mother's face.

And, when the angels I shall see,  
I don't know how they'll look to me,  
But now I think the fairest there  
Will be my precious mother's face.

## THE TOUCH OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

"He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." John 15:5.

Walking with Jesus, side by side,  
Taking Him only as my guide,  
Feeling His presence and His love,  
Feeling His glory from above—  
Makes heaven and earth touch in my soul.

Holding communion with my Lord,  
Living for Him in sweet accord  
Moment by moment, as time flies,  
On my way homeward to the skies—  
Makes heaven and earth touch in my soul.

Leaning upon my Savior's arm,  
Knowing He'll save me from all harm  
By His great power, and strength, and might,  
All the way up to glory bright—  
Makes heaven and earth touch in my soul.

Feeding upon the Living Bread,  
Given by One, who once was dead,  
Making me strong to do His will,  
All of His biddings to fulfill—  
Makes heaven and earth touch in my soul.

Living for Jesus Christ, my King,  
Flying to Him on love's swift wing,  
Hearing His voice in accents sweet,  
Calling me to His blessed feet—  
Makes heaven and earth touch in my soul.

## HOW A HELPLESS BIRD WAS HELPED.

"My yoke is easy and my burden is light." Matt. 11:30.

I walked into a church one day  
And was the first one there for prayer;  
A little bird had found its way  
Into the church from out somewhere.  
When I appeared it was afraid,  
And flew around and round and round  
In frantic efforts to escape,  
And yet somehow no way it found.

I tried in vain to drive it out  
At opened window or at door;  
But on and on it flew and flew  
Until its wings could hold no more!  
And then it fell, and there it lay  
Defenseless, panting for its breath;  
It thought, if birds can think at all,  
That all I wanted was its death!

I picked it up and took it out  
And put it high upon a tree,  
And left it there in its own realm  
Where it was happy, safe and free.  
I gave it what it wanted most  
As quickly as it would accept;  
I could not help it anyway  
While its own will and way it kept.

## THE SPIDER AND ITS WEB.

"The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." Proverbs 30:28.

Just as the sun was sinking down  
Beneath the Western glowing skies  
I sat one summer eve, and mused  
Upon the things before my eyes.

Among the wonders that I saw,  
That met my vision everywhere,  
I saw a spider and its web  
Close by me in the balmy air.

Suspended in the open space,  
Above the ground, and near a tree,  
The spider and its web swung clear,  
Where all, who passed that way, might see.

Then going closer I perceived  
The web was held within its place  
By silken fibres, like as threads  
Attached to stays with charming grace.

The pattern after which that web  
Was woven in a way so wise  
Was perfect in its each outline,  
And was to me a great surprise.

The Master Spider knew the space  
The web complete should occupy,  
And knew the strength that it should have  
So that on it he might rely.

The lesson, which that spider taught,  
While working at its daily task  
Was so impressive, so complete,  
No question surely one could ask.

That spider was but for a day,  
Yet built as for eternity—  
What would result, if man should weave  
His web of life as carefully?



## JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

"And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven strengthening him." Luke 22:43.

While in the Garden of Gethsemane,  
With the weight of the sins of all the world,  
Crushing the blood from His heart and His life,  
The powers of darkness at Jesus were hurled.

That burden's weight with the venom of hell  
Was more than Jesus unaided could bear,  
For the personal sins of every man  
Of Adam's long race were all on Him there.

While Jesus was sinking under the load,  
Unable to bear it longer alone,  
The weight of that hour none ever can know,  
Strength came by an angel from God's own  
throne.

And with the strength that God's good angel gave  
Jesus revived, and bore that awful load  
On, on to Calvary, and laid it down,  
And finished His work at the end of the road.

Why, in the Garden of Gethsemane,  
Alone, and so far from heaven above,  
Did Jesus suffer these agonies,  
The innocent, spotless Son of God's love?

Why, in the Garden of Gethsemane

Were the countless demons from hell below,  
Turned loose in their anger to fight with Him,  
Who sin or transgression could never know?

Why, in the Garden of Gethsemane

'Mid trembling worlds was this battle so fought,  
When all the powers of darkness combined  
Were heaped on Him against whom there was  
naught?

It was because, and 'twas only because

The devil had entered the race of man,  
And put upon each a mark of his own,  
And suffering and death and hell were the ban.

“God so loved the world that He gave His Son”

That He might pay the penalty of sin,  
And so for me, for me, for me, it was  
He suffered, died, my guilty soul to win.

## BISHOP FRANK M. BRISTOL.

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith:  
and much people was added unto the Lord." Acts 11:24.

From Omaha to Arkansas,  
Sent by the Church, there came a man  
To Stuttgart, where the Conference met,  
Reports to make, new work to plan.

Not many of the preachers there  
Had seen or heard that man before;  
They wondered if he'd pleasing be,  
And if they'd want him any more.

He came! At nine o'clock that day—  
Into the Church he stately walked;  
On him were fixed all eyes, and ears  
Were opened, as he read and talked.

And ere that morning's session closed  
The Conference fell in love with him;  
They felt a man of God had come,  
One who was filled with grace and vim.

The preachers and the laymen, too,  
The multitudes, that gathered there,  
Felt that in him they had a friend,  
A brother, and a man of prayer.

His heart was big enough to hold  
All interests that the Church possessed,  
And by his coming we all felt  
That we were very greatly blessed.

He had an ear for all alike,  
No matter who the message bore,  
He listened patiently to all,  
And answered from his learned store.

The Bishop's name, who served us well,  
And sent us out for greater things,  
And whom we hope will come again,  
Is FRANK M. BRISTOL—how it rings!

## VINCIE QUEAL.

"My grace is sufficient for thee." II. Cor. 12:9.

It seems but yesterday to me,  
Though years have passed, quite twenty-three,  
Since Vincie Queal, our loved and own,  
Went up to dwell about God's Throne.

The time allotted her to stay  
Seemed but the passing of a ray,  
Yet it was two years and twelve days  
Of joy, and thankfulness, and praise.

Her little shoes, her little chair,  
Her playthings scattered everywhere  
About the house and in the yard—  
But she was gone—our fate, how hard!

The things she left we could not see,  
No matter what, nor where they'd be;  
Nor could we speak her name so sweet  
Without a broken heart, complete.

So near was she, she formed a part  
Of our own life, and our own heart;  
And when from us she went away,  
It was a sad, sweet, holy day.

That day has never had an end,  
For with the rest 'twill ever blend;  
'Twill stay with us through all the years,  
A witness to our silent tears!

Time cannot heal the heart that knows  
The sense of loss of one who goes  
On that assured returnless way  
Which every one must go some day.

How can the cares of busy days,  
Or losses great in other ways,  
Lessen one particle the sense  
Of loneliness, supreme, intense?

Yet who would change it if he could,  
And what would life be if he should,  
Above that of the beasts that roam  
Without a sense of love and home?

It seemed the time she went away  
It would be long, long, long to stay  
Without our dear sweet infant one,  
Whose life on earth had just begun.

But memories of the time most blest,  
When in our arms she'd sleep and rest,  
Keep her so fresh within our mind  
It scarcely seems we're left behind.

When we shall meet at God's right hand,  
Through Jesus who the way has planned,  
The separation then will seem  
So short that it will be a dream!

But yesterday, the memory's sweet,  
Our Vincie Queal played at our feet;  
Today we miss her, but we know  
Tomorrow where she is we'll go.

Since she went up to heaven that day  
Heaven has not seemed far away;  
When Jesus calls—'twill not be long—  
We'll go to her in praise and song.

## BRIDGING THE CHASM.

"That they may be one." John 17:11.

The deep wide gulf is bridged at last!  
The gulf made back in Forty-four,  
When Methodists of North and South  
In one great church could live no more!  
Each section had its wise, good men,  
And interests dear to every heart,  
But reconciled they could not be,  
And so, alas! they had to part!

Now years, three score and ten and two  
This yawning gulf has made "two bands,"  
Alike in creed, of one true Church,  
And both have occupied same lands!  
But in the providence of God  
His Church now sees a better day;  
That which divided is removed,  
And there'll be union which will stay!

The heart and hand of North and South,  
Each to the other gives in love;  
And all the Church is thrilled with joy,  
Like that around the Throne above.  
Cranston, and Hendrix, now we see,  
Our Senior Bishops, clasping hands  
Across the disappearing gulf,  
Uniting separated bands



United Methodism, hail!

Of men we're many millions strong ;

Of money we can billions count—

Invincible! A mighty throng!

A dying world lies at our feet,

Whose cries for aid now rend the sky!

We have the men, we have the means,

To reach and save them ere they die!

The vision—opportunity

To lift the fallen, save the lost—

Is flashed from heaven across our way

With promises of Pentecost!

What shall our answer be to God?

That answer in results we'll bring!

In Jesus' name we can, we will;

We'll bring the world to Christ, our King!

## ALL THINGS IN SEASON.

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." Eccles. 3:1.

If you have a rose for me,  
Give it to me now!  
Do not wait till I am dead,  
My ambitions fully fed,  
And I need no daily bread—  
Give it to me now!  
If you have a thorn for me,  
Keep it till I'm dead!  
Keep it till my senses wane!  
Keep it till I feel no pain,  
Till its use will be in vain—  
Keep it till I'm dead!

If you have some love for me,  
Give it to me now!  
Now, when it will make me strong,  
As I'm battling with the wrong  
'Midst a wicked worldly throng—  
Give it to me now!  
If you have some hate for me,  
Keep it till I'm dead!  
Keep it till my heart is cold,  
And I'm in the heavenly fold—  
Then your story may be told—  
Keep it till I'm dead!

If you have a smile for me,  
Give it to me now!  
It will give me strength today,  
For the tasks along my way,  
In the things I do and say—

Give it to me now!  
If you have a frown for me,  
Keep it till I'm dead!  
Keep it till my eyes I close  
In a last and long repose,  
Till I'm safe from all my foes—  
Keep it till I'm dead!

If you have a kindly word,  
Give it to me now!  
It will make my burden light;  
It will help me do what's right;  
It will help me win life's fight—  
Give it to me now!

If you have an unkind word,  
Keep it till I'm dead!  
Keep it till I cannot hear,  
Keep it till I cannot fear,  
Till I need no word of cheer—  
Keep it till I'm dead!

If you have a pleasant look,  
Give it to me now!  
While I'm in the harvest field,  
While the sickle I can wield,  
Gathering the summer's yield—  
Give it to me now!

If you have a gloomy look,  
Keep it till I'm dead!  
Keep it far away from me,  
Just as far as far can be,  
Where my eyes can never see—  
Keep it till I'm dead!

## IN THE BEGINNING.

"God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." Gen. 1:31.

The place that God made for man's home,  
And which should yet be all his own,  
Was Eden's Garden, very fair,  
For naught but love was reigning there.

In this new home of sweetest rest,  
Our parents were supremely blessed;  
As days passed by, they had no fear—  
No reason for a single tear.

Around there was no danger known,  
No evil seed had e'er been sown;  
A land of song, a land of love;  
It was not far from heaven above.

The reptile, fowl, the fish, the beast,  
None higher were, and none the least;  
All gentle, harmless, playful, mild,  
Lived thanks to God—all nature smiled.

The leaves of vegetation, too,  
Made music, while the soft winds blew;  
And everything united there,  
In praise for their Great Maker's care.

There was no cloud in Eden's sky,  
No dust, no storm to blind the eye;  
The air was fresh and pure and sweet,  
And all was happiness complete.

'Twas not a modern "garden-patch,"  
Fenced with barbed wires to tear and scratch;  
It was a picture as we see  
Of what God meant this world to be.

The devil, once a Prince of Light,  
Saw Eden from his haunts of night;  
He saw God's creatures peaceful, free,  
A sight he could not bear to see!

He looked with eyes of envy keen,  
Upon that fair and happy scene,  
And with a heart of lurid hate,  
He entered, where there was no gate!

Quickly he planned some work to do,  
And then he carried his scheme through.  
He plotted for the wreck and death,  
Of everything that God gave breath.

To gain his most pernicious end,  
He went there as an angel friend,  
And offered fruit, forbidden meat,  
Which they, forgetting God, did eat.

That was a gala day below,  
In regions where the lost all go;  
The devil caught the human race,  
And branded each for his own place!

Then off he went in quick retreat;  
His work was done and done complete;  
And man was left in darkest night,  
In which there was no ray of light!

The wreck and ruin on that day,  
When Eve and Adam fell away,  
Was felt in heaven, in earth and hell,  
Where angles, men and demons dwell.

And then—no Eden any more,  
As there had been for them before;  
The touch of Satan left a blight,  
Far blacker than the blackest night.

The poor deceived, unhappy pair,  
Came to themselves in deep despair,  
With God and heaven and Eden gone,  
And they in helplessness alone!

Then God looked on the wrecks of sin;  
Looked at the place where man had been;  
Saw where he was because he fell—  
Deceived, and mocked, near death and hell!

God heard man's cry of piteous plea,  
From broken heart of agony;  
Then His great father-heart beat fast,  
In love for those, who were outcast.

He felt man's sorrows as His own;  
He watched their wanderings from the Throne;  
His love for them was without end;  
Though sinners great, He was their friend.

That day He promised them that He  
Would make provision full and free,  
That Eve and Adam and their race  
Should be redeemed from sin by grace.

His pitying eye and loving heart  
Could not endure they should depart,  
Without a plan by which they could  
Return by pardon if they would.

God met the devil face to face,  
And drove him to his hiding place;  
And talked to Eve and Adam there,  
With promises of loving care.

Of sorrow there could be no end,  
For souls the devil would contend;  
His work that ended Eden fair,  
Would be continued everywhere.

But in it all, and through it all,  
God's promise given at man's fall  
Would stand before their pleading eyes,  
And point to life beyond the skies.



For God so loved the world He gave,  
His only Son that He might save,  
The lost who'll come to Him and live,  
He will receive, He will forgive.

The devil's power is great, but yet,  
There's higher power than he can get;  
There's One All Powerful, and He  
From sin can set all captives free.

That One is Jesus Christ, God's Son,  
And He is the Almighty One,  
Who holds all power in His hand—  
All things must yield to His command.

His is the Power o'er powers great;  
Sin kills, but He can re-create!  
The deadened soul, that's touched by Him,  
Is made alive, and freed from sin!

No matter how a soul is bound,  
In Christ a remedy is found,  
It is sufficient, quite complete  
For all who will conditions meet.

And so the door is open wide  
By One, who can, and does provide  
Salvation free, and full for all,  
Who hear and heed God's loving call.

## THE CHURCH ON THE HILL.

"And he built there an altar, and called the place Bethel; because there God appeared unto him." Gen. 35:7.

Firm in my fancy, close beside my heart,  
A picture lies, without a counterpart.  
Brought by remembrance to my eager eyes,  
The little church at home before me lies;  
The little church upon the grassy hill  
That gently rose beyond grand-father's mill,  
Fixed in my sight, unfading through the years,  
In pristine grace the humble place appears;  
Amidst the tall white-oaks in state retires,  
While circling boughs supply Aeolian choirs.  
Small was the temple, and no sounding bell  
Adorned the roof, the sermon-hour to tell.  
Yet none was needed, for the faithful fold  
Each church-day gathered, promptly, though untold.

No stately organ led the sacred song,  
That sprang spontaneous from the pious throng,  
And none was wished, for tuneful hearts of love  
Receive their melody from realms above.  
Benches, not pews, were ranged along the floor,  
Nor was the stranger challenged at the door;  
When the blest air resounded to God's word,  
A crowd, compelled by reverent longing, heard.

In distant lands a thousand temples rise,  
And with their lofty steeples scale the skies;

Within their naves resounding organs peal,  
Whilst gilded worshippers the impulse feel.  
From ivied tower rings out th' harmonious chime  
And sweetly sings the hours of passing time,  
Till the glad notes ascend the ambient air  
As incense rises from a place of prayer.  
About the landscape stand cathedral spires,  
And gorgeous domes the trav'ler oft admires.  
Uncounted millions costs the grand display,  
That Fashion in magnificence may pray!

All have I seen, yet none could ever fill  
My heart like that dear church upon the hill.  
'Twas there one day; how sacred was that scene!  
That I, a lad but barely turned fourteen,  
Received the blessed Jesus in my soul,  
And by His power was pardoned and made whole!

## A PRAYER FOR UNIVERSAL PEACE.

"They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Isa. 2:4.

How long, O Lord, must suffering Man withstand  
The martial throes that shake th' extended land?  
Supreme Jehovah! hear the anguish'd plea  
Of Thy sad children, wreck'd with misery.  
How long must brothers thus in hatred meet  
On fields of War, and with Destruction greet;  
Whilst cannon's echoes stir the trembling ground,  
And seas of blood grow deeper at the sound:  
When men, like cattle, feel the slaughterous blow  
That fells in rage, nor spares the noblest foe?  
Father, may Thy unbounded mercy save  
The men who stop the breath Thy judgment gave!  
How long, O Lord, must monarchs call to arms  
Their bravest subjects, roused by War's alarms;  
In weeping majesty their legions send  
To face without retreat a fruitless end:  
Where steel meets steel, and in th' increasing fray  
Not courage, but mad fury gains the day?  
How long, O Lord! ere man can be so free  
That he will bow to Reason, and to Thee?

The scenes of War! what tongue would dare re-  
late

The fiendish work of universal hate?  
For food the child and widow cry in vain,

Since he who earned it ne'er can earn again.  
Bereft of strength, deprived of filial care,  
The aged mother totters in despair.  
Another mother, with her infant load,  
Laments the fate that War's disasters bode:  
Will her blest burden, to full manhood grown,  
Fall on the field, while she must sigh alone?  
Behold the wife, whose Heav'nly love enfolds  
The man whose heart a like affection holds;  
Must that brave man, to whom she gave her all,  
Take last farewell, and in the battle fall?  
Alas! what useless toll the conflict claims,  
With its foul chaos, and uncertain aims!  
The loving husband, and the cherish'd son,  
Would fain enjoy the peace their fathers won,  
But War, the tyrant, scorns domestic joys;  
Surveys the nations, and the world destroys.

O Prince of Peace! at whose unspotted birth  
The star of brotherhood beamed o'er the earth,  
And choirs angelic, in melodious glee,  
Proclaimed the age of love and charity;  
O Prince of Peace, whose holy life was spent  
That War might end, and harden'd hearts relent:  
Behold the crimes of those who falsely pray,  
And from Thy Heavenly precepts turn away!  
Saviour Divine! through what unholy greed  
Hath Man forborne Thy righteous word to heed?  
Thrice-wicked Man, who in his worldly pride,  
Leads on to death, and wakes the fratricide!

O Prince of Peace! whose undisputed reign  
Can give security to earth's domain;  
Whose blessed power can heal the wounded land,  
And banish bloodshed at divine command:  
Thou, Thou alone, appear'st in holy state,  
To raise the soul, and brutish strife abate.

Come, blest Redeemer, with Thy sweet relief,  
And purge our hearts of hatred and of grief!  
Give Thou to us, O mighty Lord of Lords,  
The boons that Peace, not bloody War, affords;  
Let teeming fields of golden grain arise,  
Whilst Education clears our blinded eyes;  
Let Rum, the noxious demon, be no more,  
And Christian Majesty above us soar.  
May weary soldiers, freed from battle's rage,  
'Mid scenes domestic all their lives engage.  
May battle-steel, its deadly function spent,  
In peaceful ploughshares by our sons be bent,  
By that which hath th' encrimson'd world distress'd,  
May Earth, forgiving, in the end be blest!  
Lend, O Creator, Thy all-pitying aid,  
To those who bear the ills that War hath made;  
Lift up the weeping, and Thy bounty pour  
On sadden'd throngs whose lov'd ones speak no  
more.

Revive, Almighty Lord, throughout the lands,  
The laws wherein domestic virtue stands;

Teach every man to hold his peaceful place,  
And shower Thy Heav'nly blessings on his race.  
Before Thy sacred altars, Lord, we pray,  
That Thou may'st grant us a sublimer day,  
When erring Man of hatred shall be free,  
And dwell at peace in pious harmony.

The clouds of War fill now the seething sky,  
And bank'd the blackness, grieve the godly eye:  
What dire events behind the blood-mist low'r?  
Curs'd is the time; portentous is the hour!  
O Lord, may we who scan the darkened space,  
Behold a rift to mark Thy boundless grace;  
A rift whose breadth in mercy may increase  
Till all the heav'ns are clear with final peace.  
Mankind, awake! Hath not experience  
Preach'd lasting Peace to your half-slumb'ring  
sense?

Look on the blood in needless battle shed:  
What vict'ry can replace the honor'd dead?  
Almighty Lord! to Thee ascends our pray'r;  
Wilt not through Jesus for our nations care?  
Spread Peace and Love throughout Thy boundless  
ken,

Whilst we, in humble suppliance, cry AMEN!



## THE FALLEN PRINCE.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

### I.

#### HIS ORIGIN.

When primal Heaven the rule of God obeyed,  
(Ere yet our world and lesser race were made),  
High o'er the angel band a Prince there reigned,  
Close to the Lord, and next in state ordained.  
With Seraph hosts th' Archangel winged his way  
Through crystal regions of celestial day;  
Led over hill and vale the shining throng  
That feared their God, and prais'd His power in  
song.

But one bright morn the wandering angels heard  
The thundering summons of the Godhead's word:  
Through all the sky their flashing pinions shone,  
As each, obedient, sought the lustrous throne.  
Stern and imperious, God His servants eyed,  
Whilst they beheld the wonder at His side:  
Then the glad host, that thick about him pressed  
The Lord, majestic, with these words addressed:  
"Ye Sons of Heaven, the bright Messiah see!  
"At My right hand, and late begot by Me.  
"To Him, My only Son, shall angels bend,  
"And o'er ye all shall his just rule extend."  
Thus spake Jehovah, and the raptured crowd



With humble mien to their Messiah bowed.  
Each bright Archangel (save the Chief alone)  
Rejoiced the Son's benignant power to own.  
But he whose days of mightiest rule had fled,  
Prince of Host, of Seraphim the head,  
In envy and resentment stood apart,  
And watched the radiant scene with jealous heart:  
Then with his minions took rebellious flight,  
To leave his God, and boast a rival might.  
Far from the Lord the dark Archangel raised  
The rival throne that with dire lustre blazed.  
Rebellious Seraphs, trembling at his nod,  
Cursed the Messiah, and abjured their God.  
But now th' Almighty, knowing of the crime,  
Resolved to check the rebel host in time:  
Forth to the fray His faithful angels sent,  
Michael and Gabriel leading as they went.  
The false Archangel's band for war prepare,  
And Heavenly combat cleaves the sacred air.  
Forthwith the spacious Empyrean bore  
The din of thunder, and the battle's roar,  
Whilst impious hordes in fiendish fury sought  
To vanquish God with weapons rashly wrought.  
The rebel chief, from now as Satan known,  
(Since he the Lord's eternal foe had grown)  
Rallied his host, and in the fearful fray  
O'er Heaven's true forces tried to gain the day.  
God from His throne the hideous conflict scanned,  
And with His Son the just conclusion plann'd:  
Out rode the bright Messiah o'er the field,  
His royal chariot flashing as it wheeled;

Straight for the foe his conquering course was  
bent,  
To crush the rebels for their vile intent.  
The hordes of Satan, stricken at the sight,  
Stand still, then turn, then yield to fearful flight.  
On drives the Son of God, with thunder armed;  
On flee the foe, with speechless fear alarmed;  
The floor of Heaven 'neath Satan's band recedes,  
And all are plunged in chaos for their deeds!  
Down through the vast abyss the rebels fly,  
Pursued by vengeful thunders from on high.  
The formless dark, the uncreated space,  
Rings with the cries of Satan's faithless race.  
On through the void the horde in tumult fell,  
And reached at length their new-created Hell;  
There had the Lord, on Heavenly justice bent,  
Prepared a place of ceaseless punishment.  
Around their forms eternal torments flit,  
Whilst rising walls confine the flaming pit.  
Thus in the depths that dreadful dungeon rose,  
Immortal malefactors to enclose.

How foreign to Jehovah's primal plan,  
That such a prison should be reached by Man!

## II.

### HIS DESIGN.

Satan, the Fiend, with his companions lay  
In stupor bound, whilst aeons rolled away;  
When, now arising, he his demons woke,

And of reprisal on th' Almighty spoke.  
High o'er the sulph'rous plain the fallen band  
Erect a palace at the Fiend's command;  
Upon its throne the dark Archangel dreams  
Of cherished evils and revengeful schemes.  
Moloch and Belial, Mammon and their crew,  
Hint each at plans of vengeance to pursue,  
But wise Beelzebub his master reads,  
And with his dark design of hate succeeds.  
Thus ran the plot: Since naught the Lord can  
mar,  
He must, if injured, suffer from afar.  
As now He seeks a world of men to build,  
Through them may the vile purpose be fulfilled.  
Let Satan but the new creation find,  
And God will weep for His beloved mankind.  
The new-made race, on earth prepared to dwell,  
Through sin shall reach the deepest depths of Hell;  
When thus the envious can the pure destroy,  
Then may the pit resound with hideous joy;  
His wondrous power, by God's own bounty given,  
Satan will turn against his native Heaven.  
With this advice, and led by favoring fate,  
The false Archangel braves Inferno's gate,  
Where with foul mien, the jailers, Death and Sin,  
Stand guard above th' unhappy hordes within.  
Sin proves a traitor, and the dreadful door  
Swings on its hinge, to fasten nevermore.  
Out soars the Fallen Prince and mounts the murk  
Where all the elements in Chaos lurk.

Swayed by the surges of eternal night,  
Through Stygian deeps he wings his halting flight.  
O'er lands unformed he crawls with fiendish force,  
And swims th' unfashioned seas that cross his  
course.

Midway to Heaven's bright floor a palace sits,  
Whence Night and Chaos rule the boundless pits.  
Where halts the Fiend, and with rejoicing gains  
The word that guides him to terrestrial plains.  
Upward the wings of Satan beat their way  
To regions lit by Heaven's escaping day.  
The shining floor the new creation bears,  
And angels pass between on crystal stairs.  
But Sin and Death, the Dark One to befriend,  
To his dire purpose, their assistance lend.  
Close at his heels, his earthward flight they guard,  
And smooth the rising path he found so hard.  
Built by their hands, from Hell to Earth's blue  
skies,

Behold a wide, enduring bridge arise.  
The Fiend their work with satisfaction sees,  
For Man to Hell may now descend with ease.  
Straight lights the Fallen Prince upon the shell  
Of that blest region where his victims dwell;  
In false angelic form to Earth descends,  
And, as the Serpent, Man to sinning bends.  
O direful tale! In our first parents' fall,  
Damnation seized the race and waited all!  
The Fallen Prince for Man hath little thought,  
Save as the tool whereby his God is fought.

The Lord, in grandeur, lets the Fiend remain,  
Since Man, like God, his evils can disdain.  
Though sinners oft our heritage abuse,  
We know the right, and have the power to choose.

### III.

#### HIS POWER AND WORKS.

The power of Satan, seen on every hand,  
With grief and evil fills th' unhappy land.  
From Heaven expelled, the Fallen Angel strives  
To sting the world till Judgment Day arrives.  
Against his might the Church of God defends  
The suffering millions, and protection lends.  
Clergy and laity, in blest accord, ..  
Attack the Fiend, and praise th' Almighty Lord.  
When Satan's face th' embattled world espies,  
Opposing legions with the sword arise:  
On land and sea subdue the sinning throng,  
And prove the laws that seek to banish wrong.  
The tireless teacher, with refining rule,  
Spreads good, and battles Satan in the school;  
Whilst Government the Fallen Prince impedes  
With just restraint for men of evil deeds.  
The countless bands that Satan's downfall seek,  
That help the needy, and sustain the weak,  
That soothe the ailing, and assuage their pain,  
Though ill rewarded, labor not in vain!  
But Satan's might, howe'er by mortals fought,  
Pervades the world, and taints the erring thought.

Hence come the ills of age, the woes of mind ;  
The tears of loss, and throes of fleshly kind ;  
The grief of parting, and the gasping breath  
That hails the last of earthly sorrows—Death.  
Battle and tempest, flood and heaving land,  
Bear the black mark of Satan's guiding hand ;  
The poison thorn, the scorpion and the snake,  
The ravening beast, of his curs'd crime partake.  
Then, saddest fate of all, at Life's dark end,  
Crushed souls to fires eternal must descend.

#### IV.

##### HIS DEFEAT.

When the Almighty from His throne perceived  
The fall of Man, and saw His children grieved,  
With lenient heart He pondered on th' offense,  
And sorrowed in their disobedience.  
Immune from Satan's harm, in conscious power,  
The Lord gave promise of a happier hour,  
When sinful mortals, by the Fiend debased,  
Might rise again, by Heavenly mercy graced :  
These hopeful tidings, in compassion sent,  
Cheered the lost pair that out from Eden went.  
One day upon the brow of Calvary  
The souls of men from Satan were set free.  
Nailed to the Cross, our suffering Savior bore  
The pangs that vanquished wrong forevermore.  
One hand, outstretched above the throng around,  
Pointed to Eden's blest ancestral ground,



While with like import did the other show  
The final future, free from sin and woe.  
From those pierced hands redeeming blood drop-  
ped down,  
And Sanctity sustained the thorny crown.  
From our dear Lord, that dwelt in mortal frame,  
Deliverance from Satan's evil came.  
Man's primal curse, by outraged Godhead sent,  
In Christ's divine atoning death was spent;  
And none but can eternal blessing gain,  
If he acknowledge Jesus and His reign.  
Man, woman, child, to none will be denied,  
The power and strength to walk by Jesus' side.  
Free souls in Heav'n eternal joy evince,  
And Godhead triumphs o'er the Fallen Prince!





## *PART II*



## WHAT THE LORD HATH DONE.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name." Psa 103:1.

The Lord for me hath wonders wrought;  
He found me far astray,  
And led me back into the fold  
Where now through Him I stay.

I heard His voice in tones of love,  
When He found me in sin;  
I yielded gladly as He called,  
And safe He took me in.

My sins in Jesus' blood dissolved;  
He washed them all away,  
And now He dwells within my soul  
And keeps me day by day.

'Tis sweet to walk beside the Lord  
In fellowship and love,  
And step by step with Him advance  
To Heavenly realms above.

Some day within that Land of Light  
I'll meet my loved and own,  
With Jesus and His angel host  
Around the Great White Throne.

## THE WIRELESS LINE.

"If any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth His will, him He heareth." John 9:31.

There is a wireless line for me,  
That runs from earth up to the sky,  
On which I talk with Christ, my Lord,  
And hear His voice from heaven on high.

No storm can break this wireless line;  
For both its stations—here, above—  
Were built divinely to endure—  
This wireless line, so strong, is Love.

This wireless line unites my heart  
With that of Christ, my Lord, my Way;  
He's waiting there, when I call here,  
And answers quick—there's no delay.

He tells me of His love and care  
In tones which with my heart well blend;  
"Who's at that end?" I do not ask;  
I know it's Jesus Christ, my Friend.

The wireless line needs no repairs,  
And anyone may have its use,  
Who'll give up sin and come to God  
In prayer and faith, without excuse.

## HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

"For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord."—Luke 2:11.

Hark, hark the angel's wondrous story,  
    Ringing over all the earth.  
God's promise of the World's Redeemer  
    Is fulfilled in Jesus' birth!

Tell all the nations, every creature,  
    Heaven's gate is opened wide;  
The golden key is held by Jesus—  
    We can enter by His side!

How wonderful the love that lifted  
    Up a lost and ruined race  
That each might be forgiven freely—  
    Saved through God's atoning grace!

## SUFFICIENT GRACE.

"My grace is sufficient for thee." II. Cor. 12:9.

The heavy hand of sin was laid  
With crushing power upon my soul;  
My day was night, my strength was gone,  
My will was far beyond control.

Then came a touch of grace divine  
From Jesus Christ, the sinner's friend;  
I felt that He could save my soul,  
And that on Him I could depend.

I quickly gave myself to Him,  
And He—He gave Himself to me;  
At once I found His saving grace,  
So strong that it could make me free.

Since that bright day I know it's true—  
Temptations have revealed the test—  
That grace has strength to crush sin's power,  
And in this truth my soul's at rest.

What He has done, He'll do again—  
He'll give His grace as need may be—  
He'll save me from the Tempter's snare  
Through time and for eternity.

## HE QUELLS THE STORM.

"But straightway Jesus spake unto them saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Matt. 14:27.

When Jesus lived in days of old,  
And was in Canaan by the sea,  
Great storms in fury often rolled  
Across the Lake of Galilee.

The terrors of a watery grave  
The rolling waves brought in their wake,  
From which no mortal man could save,  
So great the dangers of that Lake.

But there was One—not mortal man,  
Yet God and man in One was He,  
Who, when the raging storm began,  
Just spoke, and calm came o'er the sea.

This same One lives and reigns today;  
The tempest raging in my heart  
His voice will, like the sea, allay,  
And all my troubles will depart.

Jesus will save the tempest-tost;  
He's Master over every foe;  
With Him we're safe—without Him, lost,  
On sea, or land, where'er we go.

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."  
Eccles. 12:1.

As I look back on years now gone,  
Which God has given me to live,  
They equal fully fifty-one,  
To Him all praises will I give.

I've felt this half a century  
His loving hand upon my heart;  
The blessings, which He gave to me,  
Were not deserved in smallest part.

Still He has kept me in His ways,  
And given me the victory;  
Goodness and mercy all these days  
Have surely, surely followed me.

I look back on these years now gone,  
And now, when life must soon decline,  
Of all the things that I have done,  
I'm glad I've made the Lord's will mine.

Long since, when I was but a boy,  
My all to Jesus Christ was given;  
He's been my Rock, my Shield, my Joy,  
And will be till I get to heaven.



## AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE ON HIGH.

"I shall go to Him, and He shall not return to me." 2 Sam.  
12:23.

I know there's a hand, that is reaching for mine  
At the beautiful gate on high;  
That hand I shall know, when I clasp it in mine  
At the beautiful gate on high!

I know there's an eye, that is looking for me  
At the beautiful gate on high;  
That eye I shall know, beaming brightly on me,  
At the beautiful gate on high!

I know there's an ear, that is listening to hear—  
At the beautiful gate on high—  
The sound of my feet, as I'm nearing the goal  
At the beautiful gate on high!

I know there's a voice, that is calling for me  
At the beautiful gate on high;  
I'll know, when I hear, whose voice it will be  
At the beautiful gate on high!

I know there is One, who is waiting for me  
At the beautiful gate on high;  
That One I shall know at the beautiful gate,  
At the beautiful gate on high!

## I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS.

"I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done." John 13:15.

I want to be like Jesus when I speak,  
I want to be as humble and as meek;  
That He and I and all the world may know  
My heart is fixed in heaven—there I'll go.

I want to be like Jesus when I pray,  
And live in sight of heaven day by day  
With world, and flesh, and devil 'neath my feet,  
And victory in Jesus full complete.

I want to be like Jesus in my thought,  
And follow in His footsteps, which I've sought,  
With joy and gladness ever in my soul  
Because the blood of Jesus makes me whole.

I want to be like Jesus in my heart,  
For then from Him I never will depart;  
With Him in holy fellowship I'll stay,  
Where He can keep me safe from harm away.

I want to be like Jesus in my life,  
For then I'll know He'll keep me free from strife;  
He'll fill me with His happiness and love  
Until He calls me home to heaven above.

## MY LIFE HAS NEVER BEEN THE SAME.

"And it came to pass, that, as I made my journey and was come nigh unto Damascus about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me;

"And I fell on to the ground and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And I answered, Who art thou, Lord? And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." Acts 6:8.

My life has never been the same,  
Since that day, since that day,  
When unto me Christ Jesus came,  
And He said, "I'm the Way."

My life has never been the same,  
Since that day, since that day,  
When Jesus sweetly spoke to be,  
Asking if I'd obey.

My life has never been the same,  
Since that day, since that day,  
When Jesus put His hand on me,  
Taking my sins away.

My life has never been the same,  
Since that day, since that day,  
When Jesus took me in His fold,  
Where I'll stay, where I'll stay.

My life has never been the same,  
Since that day, since that hour,  
When Jesus touched my heart with love—  
And saved me by His power.

## THE HOLY WAY.

"And it shall be called the way of holiness." *Isaiah 35:8.*

In Jesus Christ, my Lord and King,  
To whom my all I gladly bring,  
I've found—'tis mine!—the Holy Way,  
Which leads to realms of endless day.

The Holy Way is my delight,  
For in it heaven's almost in sight;  
And I can feel its holy glow  
Of love supreme where'er I go.

Light from the golden hills up there  
In gleams of beauty, rich and rare,  
Fall softly on the Holy Way  
With its illuminating ray.

Within the Holy Way I see  
That Jesus Christ is all to me;  
That I am His, and He is mine—  
He keeps me by His power divine.

The Holy Way and Heaven blend  
Just over yonder at the end,  
So all I need for that blest day  
Is just to keep the Holy Way.

## THE PASSING OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

"For the time is at hand." Rev. 1:3.

The demon Rum with eyes of fire,  
And breath as fumes from pits of hell  
Has run at large with no desire  
To leave a land where people dwell.

He makes the rulers bow to him;  
He sways their subjects as he will  
And devilish is his awful whim,  
To rob, dement, and then to kill.

Yet he has been allowed to go,  
Pampered, and petted, highly fed,  
And millions, while this thing is so,  
Both cry, and die for daily bread.

This demon's being slain at last;  
To him no longer will we bend,  
He's had his time, and now it's past  
The day has dawned his work must end!

His trial is on, and he will see  
The people in each continent  
Bring in a verdict—"Guilty!" He  
Must die at last—*he can't repent!*

## SINCE JESUS CAME INTO MY SOUL.

"Abide in me." John 15:4.

Since Jesus came into my soul,  
He's changed my heart, my sinful way;  
He's made anew what was defiled,  
And turned my night to brightest day.

Since Jesus came into my soul,  
I walk with Him in pure delight;  
For He is mine, and I am His,  
And all my soul He fills with light.

Since Jesus came into my soul,  
This world has been a heavenly place;  
He's with me everywhere I go,  
And, as my needs, so is His grace.

Since Jesus came into my soul,  
I've gladly put the world aside;  
He's all I need, He's all I want,  
The Blessed One, once crucified.

Since Jesus came into my soul,  
My life has never been the same,  
He walks with me, and I with Him,—  
He's taking me from whence He came.

## NOT ASHAMED OF ME.

"Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father, which is in heaven." Matt. 10:32.

Jesus is not ashamed of me;  
He sought me when I'd gone astray;  
He found me, brought me back again;  
Now in His fellowship I'll stay.

Jesus is not ashamed of me;  
He shed His blood, it's touched my soul,  
And washed away my every sin;  
He made and keeps me fully whole.

Jesus is not ashamed of me;  
When enemies my soul assail,  
He stands by me, and in His strength  
I am enabled to prevail.

Jesus is not ashamed of me;  
When I am hungry, weary, cold,  
No matter what my needs may be,  
They are supplied within His fold.

Jesus is not ashamed of me;  
One day around the Father's Throne  
He'll walk with me, and I with Him,  
And all He has will be my own.

## STILL LIVING.

"Showing the coats and garments, which Dorcas made, while she was with them." Acts 9:39.

Our loved ones, though they've passed away,  
Still live and are with us today;  
They are not dead, but gone from view—  
They live in everything we do.

They live in our affections still;  
There's naught in love that death can kill;  
Though gone away we love them yet,  
And ever will—we'll ne'er forget!

Our loved ones live in what we think,  
From what they shunned we also shrink;  
The things they loved, we love also,  
Because they loved them years ago.

Our loved ones live in what we do!  
We try to live as if they knew  
Just how we spend the time that's given,  
That we may meet them up in heaven.

In other senses, too, they live,  
For to our lives they ever give  
An inspiration of intent,  
That every day may be well spent.

And in a truer, higher state  
They live, and for our coming wait,  
Where life is real, and has no end,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend.



## 'TIS JESUS!

"Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."  
Matt. 28:20.

Somebody's near me when I pray,  
Listening to every word I say!  
Somebody feels my burden great,  
Somebody's hand will lift its weight!

'Tis Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

Somebody sees my falling tears,  
Somebody knows my hopes and fears!  
Somebody walks along life's way  
Close to my side by night and day!

'Tis Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

Somebody's strength will make me strong,  
Somebody's joy will be my song!  
Somebody's love will fill my soul,  
Somebody's blood will make me whole!

'Tis Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

Somebody knows when I am weak,  
Somebody knows the good I seek!  
Somebody knows the tempter's power,  
Somebody's with me every hour!

'Tis Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

Somebody went to Calvary,  
Somebody died to set me free!  
Somebody lives to save the lost,  
Somebody saves, nor counts the cost!

'Tis Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

## MY MOTHER'S LIFE.

"Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her." Matt. 26:13.

Who was my mother?

One sent from God's own loving heart  
To earth awhile to have a part  
In working out His plans divine,  
Which for us all He did combine—  
And that is who my mother was.

How did she live?

Her life was like a lovely flower,  
From day to day, from hour to hour;  
'Twas always filled with fragrance sweet,  
With love and patience most complete—  
And that is how my mother lived.

What did she do?

She gave her life, and gave it free;  
She gave it too, unselfishly,  
In love, and care, and toil, and pain,  
That her loved ones the best might gain—  
And that is what my mother did.

How did she speak?

For half a hundred years and more  
I've heard sweet voices o'er and o'er  
In conversation, song and prayer,  
But none with mother's could compare—  
And that is how my mother spoke.

Where did she go?

She gladly went whe'er she knew  
That there was something she could do  
To lift a load from some crushed heart,  
Or stop a tear about to start—

And that is where my mother went.

Where is she now?

One day she said, "Good-bye," to all,  
For she had heard the Savior's call;  
And then she went with God to be  
At home in heaven eternally—

And that is where my mother is.

## W. J. AND MRS. WHITE.

"And they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."  
Rev. 3:4.

Through all the years that I have lived,  
A generation now and more,  
In every place where I have been  
In city and the country o'er,  
To preach the word and do the work  
Of Jesus Christ my Savior, Friend,  
I've found a people good and true  
And it will be so to the end.

A people scattered far and wide,  
In different sections of the land,  
With no connection but in Christ—  
A holy, happy, useful band—  
All given truly to the Lord  
In consecration deep, complete,  
To think, to speak, in word and act,  
The Lord's approval e'er to meet.

These men and women cannot know  
Until the day and hour which waits,  
When they shall know as they are known  
Beyond, inside the pearly gates,  
How much their fellowship and prayers  
And Christlike lives have strengthened me  
To be of service for my King—  
I'm glad some happy day they'll see!

As Hur and Aaron on the mount  
Held up his hands while Moses prayed  
And God saw them and heard his prayer,  
He made their enemies afraid,  
And Joshua in great triumph,  
Defeated Amelek's strong bands—  
So I've been aided by these saints,  
Who toward the Lord have held my hands.

If in the great and final day  
To my account there is reward,  
If much or little I'll be glad  
And thankful ever to my Lord—  
But I will feel the largest share  
Of that reward belongs to those  
Who helped me in God's holy work,  
Whose faithfulness the Master knows.

Among the many I have known,  
God's own elect along the way,  
Who helped me more than I can tell,  
In what I've done from day to day,  
The names of two in Russellville,  
In Arkansas I here must write  
In testimony of their worth—  
They are *W. J. and Mrs. White.*

## THE FATAL CHOICE.

"From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him." John 6:66.

The Holy Book contains a truth,  
Which pierces like a dart of steel;  
It stirs the mind, and moves the heart  
As deep as anyone can feel.

Ah, yes! the record's sad but true;  
It tells of souls, whose fate was sealed,  
Men who from Jesus Christ had gone,  
Men who no more to Him would yield!

"And from that time many went back,  
"And walked no more with Him," 'tis said;  
So, while they lived as others live,  
To life eternal they were dead!

They left the One, the only One,  
Who held for them the gift of life,  
And chose instead in fellowship  
The world with all its sin and strife!

The choice was theirs to make that day—  
Christ or the word, heaven or hell,  
And each one made it for himself,  
"And walked no more with Him," they tell!

And what the Good Book says of them,  
    'Twould say, no doubt, of others, too,  
Men of our day, and in our homes,  
    With Christ who'll have no more to do!

It does not seem that one could be  
    So unconcerned about his soul,  
That he would choose the way of sin,  
    And leave the One whose blood makes whole!

All who have turned their backs on God,  
    Whose hearts are hardened to His call,—  
Who've chosen other gods but Him,  
    How great one day will be their fall!

This choice each one of us must make,  
    And some day it will final be;  
"No more with Christ," "No more with sin!"  
    Which shall it be—eternally?

## HEAVEN WILL BE REAL AT LAST.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

"And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the Tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." Rev. 21:1-4.

I've often dreamed of heaven above;  
I've walked upon its streets of gold,  
And felt the bliss of entering there  
By mortals never could be told.

I've often dreamed of heaven above,  
And of the King upon His Throne—  
And how He greets the gathering saints,  
And makes them feel they are His own.

I've often dreamed of heaven above,  
Of seeing Jesus face to face,  
And, oh! what waves of glory rolled  
About me in that happy place!

I've often dreamed of heaven above,  
Of meeting friends and loved ones there,  
Who through the Lamb for sinners slain  
Were saved from every want and care.



I've often dreamed of heaven above,  
And listened to the music sweet,  
Of saints and angels, as they sang  
In heaven's harmony complete.

Alas! alas! 'twas but a dream,  
For when I woke heaven disappeared!  
How quick that vision from me passed,  
But yet how much my heart it cheered!

Why could I not sleep on and on,  
When such a view of bliss was given?  
For though 'twas but a passing dream,  
It was a dream of heaven, sweet heaven!

Still I am looking for the time,  
When sleep and dreams will be no more,  
When I shall pass the Pearly Gate,  
And look on Him whom I adore.

There'll be no disappointment then,  
No sleep, no waking up, no dreams;  
For I'll be in my heavenly home  
Where glory's light forever gleams.

## THE DOG THAT CAUGHT A TRAIN.

"Yes, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter." Isa. 56:11.

A heavy train was running fast;  
The tracks lay near a farmer's door;  
A strange dog stood outside the gate,  
Which never had been there before.

He took no heed of other dogs,  
Which did not seem to see the train,  
But squatted low, as it came near—  
His readiness to jump was plain.

The train came running swiftly by,  
The dog jumped up with all his might  
To seize the thing—he knew not what,  
But he was ready for the fight.

Alas! that dog, he had his day!  
Naught left of him but little bits,  
And, though not mad, yet surely he  
Was certainly devoid of wits.

Strange—for that dog was widely known,  
As one who didn't steal or bite;  
He had a disposition kind,  
He could be trusted day and night.

A pet he was with many folks  
Because his nature was so good;  
He made himself of use, that dog,  
In doing everything he could.

He'd drive the cows, he'd get the mail,  
He'd guard the children while at play;  
He knew his work and did it well;  
From duty never turned away.

'Tis plain that such a dog as this  
Could make and hold a tribe of friends;  
For such a nature as he had,  
In beast, or man, enchantment lends.

But it is true despite the good  
Said of that dog's most noble traits,  
That he, like many other dogs,  
Lacked wisdom at the farmer's gates.

While he was wise in many things,  
(There're many dogs like him, they say),  
He lacked—well, something, which was why  
The train ran over him that day.

He didn't seem to think at all,  
Why he should want that murderous train—  
No good to eat, no good to wear,  
No good in any way for gain.

A bed he could not make of it—

For dogs do not have beds in trains—  
Why then at this thing should he jump,  
Which left of him but hair and stains?

Perhaps we may a lesson learn,

From that poor dog, and his rash act;  
Perhaps we may look at his fate,  
And profit by what that dog lacked.

The lesson is—some seem to want

A place among the rich and gay;  
And others want positions where  
They'll share great honors every day.

And in the ranks of those who want

High places that they cannot fill,  
Are those as thoughtless as the dog,  
That did not know when to keep still.

The fate of one's the fate of all—

We manage, or are managed by  
The places we are in each day,  
And it will be so till we die!

## JESUS THE CENTRAL THEME.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."  
Phil. 4:13.

In the center of His will,  
I am safe from every ill;  
I am His, and He is mine,  
I the branch, and He the vine.

In the center of His will,  
There His purpose I fulfill;  
Resting in Him every hour,  
Day by day I feel His power.

In the center of His will,  
Stormy blasts can never chill,  
His pure love within my soul,  
For in Him I know I'm whole.

In the center of His will,  
Safe and happy I'll be still,  
In the narrow, shining way,  
Leading on to endless day.

In the center of His will,  
I'll be safe and happy till,  
I am called to heaven above,  
There to rest in His great love.

In the center of His grace,  
I can see my Savior's face,  
And in fellowship most sweet,  
I can rest at His dear feet.

In the center of His grace,  
Jesus holds in His embrace,  
All I am and all I'll be  
Now and for eternity.

In the center of His grace,  
I have found a blessed place,  
Where His love and grace are free,  
And His glory I can see.

In the center of His grace,  
I have strength to run the race,  
That is marked before me plain,  
By the One for sinners slain.

In the center of His grace,  
There I'll rest from Satan's chase,  
Feeling that God's power is mine,  
That I'm kept by strength divine.

\* \* \*

In the center of His love  
Gleams of glory from above,  
Light my pathway day and night,  
Filling me with pure delight.

In the center of His love  
Sweetest music from above  
Thrills my soul with joy supreme—  
Life is like a heavenly dream.

In the center of His love,  
Holy mana from above,  
Is the meat which makes me strong,  
That I may renounce all wrong.

In the center of His love  
Grace sufficient from above,  
With each day to me is given  
And I'm making sure of heaven.

In the center of His love  
Naught but that approved above  
Has a place within my thought,  
For I love Him as I ought.

\* \* \*

In the center of His light,  
I can see in darkest night,  
How to walk the narrow way,  
Up to realms of perfect day.

In the center of His light,  
He equips me for the fight;  
Makes of me a soldier brave,  
And I'll fight on to the grave.

In the center of His light,  
In His grace I take delight;  
There His love my heart enfolds,  
And His heart my whole life holds.

In the center of His light,  
I am always in His sight;  
And in love He watches me,  
Day and night most carefully.

In the center of His light,  
I know well that I am right;  
How my heart is fixed in Him,  
And this light will not grow dim.

\* \* \*

In the center of His care,  
He supports me everywhere;  
All I need He proves to be,  
All I am He is to me.

In the center of His care,  
Is the place of constant prayer;  
Where my soul would ever stay,  
Day and night, and night and day.

In the center of His care,  
Of His riches I've a share,  
Joy and peace and heaven are mine—  
Glory which shall ne'er decline.



In the center of His care,  
Blessed place, so rich and rare;  
Here my heart He purifies,  
Here my soul He satisfies.

In the center of His care,  
I am happy anywhere;  
All I want, and all I need,  
Is to know that He will lead.

\* \* \*

In the center of His power,  
He sustains me every hour;  
And He takes away my fear  
For I feel Him always near.

In the center of His power,  
Blessings come in copious shower;  
From the presence of the Lord,  
With whose will I'm in accord.

In the center of His power,  
No dark cloud can ever lower;  
He will drive them all away—  
Make for me a cloudless day.

In the center of His power,  
There is fragrance from the flower—  
"Rose of Sharon," oh how sweet,  
And how blessed at His feet!

In the center of His power,  
There my soul will never cower ;  
In His strength I'll bravely stand,  
Knowing that He holds my hand.

## HAD THEY BUT KNOWN IT.

"Had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory." I. Cor. 2:8.

Had they known it—  
Before the Crucifixion Day,  
Whom they should choose, and whom obey,  
They'd not have killed the Truth, the Way—  
But they found it out!

Had they known it—  
That Jesus was the Son of God,  
The Matchless One, on whom they trod,  
They'd not have passed beneath that rod—  
But they found it out!

Had they known it—  
That He, though dead, would rise again,  
That in the grave He'd not remain,  
The Lord of Life they'd not have slain—  
But they found it out!

Had they known it—  
That they again His face would see,  
That He their final Judge would be,  
They'd not have nailed Him to the tree—  
But they found it out!

Had they known it—  
That Jesus was the only One,  
Who could give heaven, when life was done,  
Their plot they would not have begun—  
But they found it out!

\* \* \*

If they knew it—  
All those who make death's direful drink,  
The soul's they'd plunge beyond hell's brink,  
To such a trade they would not sink—  
But they will find it out!

If they knew it—  
All those who live for worldly gain,  
By which welfare of souls is slain,  
They would not live like that, in vain—  
But they will find it out!

If they knew it—  
All they who tipple with the glass,  
What things through it would come to pass,  
They would not do it—no—alas!  
But they will find it out!

If he knew it—  
The man who takes the gambler's way,  
The consequences of such prey,  
He would not follow it a day—  
But he will find it out!

If he knew it—  
The man who makes his life impure,  
What misery waits him to endure,  
Clean would he live—from sin secure—  
But he will find it out!

If he knew it—  
The man who strikes the murderous blow,  
Results which with that act would go,  
He'd gladly spare his bitterest foe—  
But he will find it out!

## PRAYERS.

"While they are yet speaking, I will hear." Isa. 65:24.

### I. MORNING.

We thank Thee, Lord, that from the night,  
 Our souls have reach'd the morning light;  
 That Thou hast watched our slumbering way,  
 And led us safely to the day.  
 For all the rest the hours have brought—  
 The quickening pulse, the keener thought,  
 The easing of the weary frame,  
 We render thanks to Thy blest name.  
 O, God, throughout the day ahead,  
 Preserve us from Temptation's dread;  
 Our faults with toleration see,  
 And let us humbly walk with Thee.  
 In thought and deed may we maintain  
 A virtue worthy of Thy reign;  
 May vice and dangers shun our side,  
 And Jesus be our blessed guide.  
 Let not the day unfruitful go,  
 But let us soothe another's woe,  
 And when the evening shades are sent  
 May we recall our time well spent.  
 For Jesus' sake. Amen.

### II. EVENING.

Almighty One, to Thee we raise  
 Our humble hearts in grateful praise.  
 That through the daytime's toilsome hour

Thou hast sustained us with Thy power ;  
Our many needs Thou hast supplied,  
Nor failed Thy bounties to provide :  
Our food, our raiment, home and friend,  
Upon Thy grace alike depend.  
From Satan's snares Thy word hath saved  
The soul that he had else depraved,  
And Jesus' presence, sweet and near,  
Hath lent us fellowship and cheer.  
If aught in us Thy censure meet,  
Let us, forgiven, kiss Thy feet :  
In Jesus' blood wash sin away,  
And white and pure conclude the day.  
As now the evening couch we seek,  
Our trust is strong, our suppliance meek ;  
May Jesus with His Holy Light,  
Preserve us through the silent night.

For His Name's sake. Amen.

## THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

"Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." Luke 24:49.

## I.

At Heav'nly call in solemn conclave bound,  
Relieved of sin, and blest with grace profound,  
High o'er the town, in upper room there sat  
An apostolic throng in sacred state.  
No random citizens were they that came  
To heed their Christ, and praise His holy name;  
Plain was their mission, and with searching  
thought  
They viewed the words He spoke, and deeds He  
wrought.  
Though all the world stood shaken by the loss  
Of Him so lately wrong'd upon the cross,  
Two thoughts alone the ponderers had possessed:  
To meet in faith, and labor for the best.  
Obedient all to Jesus' blessed word,  
Of naught beside they reasoned, spake, or heard;  
Unhesitant they sought th' appointed place  
Where Heav'n had call'd them, and would prove  
their grace.  
Peter and James and John strode on ahead,  
And all the concourse followed where they led:  
Jesus' blest Mother, and th' attending fair,  
And all His true disciples gather'd there.



II.

Within that room was met no sinning band,  
For all had lived by Christ's divine command:  
Each man and woman had the Saviour known,  
And followed in His footsteps as His own.  
When o'er the land the Nazarene had trod  
His Heav'nly course, and spread the word of God,  
This faithful few, on sacred Truth intent,  
Had humbly listened wheresoe'er He went;  
Nor did they falter or desert His side,  
When Envy libelled, and Injustice tried:  
When Christ, reviled, hung dying to the cross,  
They hailed His glory, whilst they mourned His  
loss.

Though thus of their Redeemer's form deprived,  
Their love and faith, unshaken, yet survived:  
No trembling universe nor threat'ning horde  
Could shake their trust in Him whom they adored.  
Thus when the Pentecost was fully come,  
No throng of sinners filled the upper room:  
All were the Lord's elect and chosen, own—  
To them the Christ the better way had shown.

III.

As thus the pious, in their chamber high,  
Awaited Jesus' promise from the sky,  
The band were all of one sublime accord,  
With each the other, and th' Almighty Lord.  
No schism or faction rent the holy air,  
For universal harmony was there.

Each for the other as himself had love,  
Whilst all th' affection reached to Christ above.  
Thus joined, the band but one intention owned;  
To hear the word of Him on high enthroned:  
Naught else concerned them, but to love and wait  
The promise from the realms of Heavenly state.  
None knew how long the vigil should endure,  
For every thought was on obedience, pure.  
Content they lingered, with adoring heart,  
Till Christ's own word might bid the band depart.  
How sweet their concord, thought, and speech,  
                    and deed;  
A single purpose, and a single creed!  
Soul, body, mind, to Jesus' precepts bent,  
Thrice holy by unanimous intent.

#### IV.

As now the Pentecostal day was come,  
And all the faithful filled the upper room;  
From Heaven's high arches quick and unconfin'd  
A sound as of a rushing, mighty wind;  
And down upon each pious head there came  
The Holy Ghost in cloven tongue of flame.  
Each loving heart with sanctity was thrilled,  
And ev'ry soul the Holy Spirit filled.  
What prophet Joel saw, had come to pass,  
For God His Spirit poured upon the mass:  
The day, the hour, the moment all were mete,  
And God's own promise was fulfilled complete!  
Long had they waited, and with patience rare,

And God repaid them for their pious care.  
In each He came to dwell forevermore,  
For Him to each the Holy Spirit bore.  
His fire it was, that fell from Heav'n and blazed  
On heads and hearts of those who stood amazed:  
Burnt was the dross; atoned was Adam's fall;  
And what was promised, 'bless'd the watchers all!

V.

How graced that day; that Pentecost so bright,  
When o'er the world came down the Heavenly  
light!

The Holy Ghost assumed eternal reign,  
With undivided power in heart and brain.  
All loved the Lord with heart, and soul, and mind,  
And all to universal good resigned.  
Each as himself his friend and neighbor loved,  
And Christ's ideal to his fellows proved.  
All he possessed, each true disciple sold,  
And shared his earning with th' assembled fold:  
All things of earth were held in common there,  
And each in all things had an equal share;  
No selfish thought or act could there abide,  
Nor was there aught in selfishness denied:  
Within their hearts, in all-pervading love,  
Dwelt the pure Spirit of their God above.  
Like Heaven it was, as Jesus gently led  
Each sacred soul, whilst blighting sin was dead.  
All was complete, that once was vague and dim,  
And Christ took all in fellowship with Him.

## VI.

As now the righteous their reward enjoyed,  
And knew Heaven's blessing, sweet and unalloyed,  
Unto their eyes the great Jehovah showed  
The crowd unsaved, that bore a guilty load.  
Each holy servant then with impulse strong  
Went forth to save the scoffing, sinning throng.  
How Christ, though by them crucified, would save  
The soul repentant from a sinner's grave;  
How He, by them denied, could ope the gate  
Of shining future, and immortal state;  
Th' apostles told: and called the throng to come  
To their Redeemer, and the Heavenly home.  
With yielding will, the throng, repentant, heard,  
And in their souls the Holy Spirit stirred.  
Converted then in heart and mind, they came  
To Jesus' side, and bless'd their Saviour's name.  
That sacred day three times a thousand sought  
The sanctity their martyred Christ had wrought  
And as they shed the load of sin they bore,  
They took their place with Him forevermore!

## THE JUDGMENT DAY.

"We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." II. Cor. 5:10.

### I.

"Let there be light"! thus once th' Eternal spake  
The word that moulded order from the void;  
That cleft the flight of ages into days,  
Disturbed the darkness, and in seasons ranged  
Th' alternate chill and ardor of the year.  
Then Man, by act of God in Eden set  
To reap the blessings of revolving Time;  
Fell, multiplied, diffused through all the world,  
From tribe to state, from state to empire grew,  
The elements controlled, and o'er the arts  
Of gentler kind a sweet dominion gained;  
Else, led by evil, sunk to low degree,  
To parch in Libyan realms, or in th' expanse  
Of regions Hyperborean to endure  
Extremes of cold that freeze the soul within.  
Thus through the past, and ages still to come;  
Yet not eternally. For from the seat  
Of Heavenly judgment shall th' Archangel fly  
In hour unborn, to end the living earth.  
Gabriel with blare of trumpet shall announce  
The death of aeons, and the close of Time.  
Then shall the trembling ground in heaving stress  
Reverberate, responsive to the blast;  
Belch forth the dead from sepulchre and grave,

From marble urn, from abbey vault and tomb,  
From potter's field neglected, or from wastes  
Whereon the bones of wanderers long have  
    bleached.

Then shall the waves, with resonance lashed high,  
Reveal the secrets of their mother sea,  
And Ocean to th' Almighty yield her toll.  
The wraiths of mariners from soundless deeps,  
And bowers of seaweed, shall at last arise,  
And with the souls of landsmen stand before  
The King of Kings for judgment and reward.

## II.

The generations shall unbroken meet,  
And children with their sires from Adam's day  
Unto th' appointed time together come.  
Promiscuous shall the saints and sinner throng  
The earth, repeopled with the living dead,  
And all shall wait their blessing or their doom.  
Then as the moon, outshone by solar glare,  
Pales at the dawn and haunts the morning sky  
Like her own spectre; shall the sun himself  
Grow pale amidst the brighter dawn above:  
From out the cleaving Heav'ns, in regal pomp,  
The Son of Man with angel hosts shall sweep,  
Lighting the dying world with glorious beams  
That reach the deepest grave of Adam's seed.  
Waked by the fulgent rays, th' assembled dead  
Shall watch the clash of suns and fall of worlds;  
Gaze on the great Messiah, and prepare



In dread or exaltation for the test  
That blesses or condemns for deeds in life.  
The living and the dead shall equal stand,  
For with th' Archangel's blast repentance ends.  
As men have lived, so shall they now be judged,  
And naught can change th' immutable decree  
Foreplanned in Heav'n, that brings the reckoning  
day.

III.

The day, the hour, the moment all were fixed  
By great Jehovah ere the world was born.  
Before the Son of God shall every race  
United hear the trial of Mankind.  
From Attic grove, where rests the artless swain,  
And Tuscan portico, shall come the band ;  
The meads and vineyards of Transalpine Gaul,  
The sun-swept stretch of Andalusia's vales,  
The woods of dark Germania, and the isles  
Of blessed Britain shall their tenants yield.  
Far o'er the Western Sea, Hesperia's hive  
Of fever'd industry shall blend at last  
With blood-stained Mexico, in common quest  
Of fate before th' Almighty Lord of Hosts.  
From far adown the surge of Southern seas  
The souls of Aethiopia's hordes shall stream,  
And trembling, gaze upon Divinity.  
The broad Pacific's tide, the Orient shore,  
Th' uncharted waste that knows the Boreal ray,  
The Ganges' bank, the far Australian strand,  
Fuegian rocks, and Amazonian wilds,

All must the call to dead and living heed,  
And send their spirits to the judgment seat.  
Up from the ocean floor, where rotting rest  
The broken pillars and the crumbling stones  
Of lost Atlantis, will a shadowy crew  
Of half-forgotten shades obedient rise,  
And dank and dripping, take their silent place  
Among the legions of the distant past.  
Egyptian armies and Assyrian hosts,  
The pride of Persia, and the fame of Greece,  
The majesty of Rome, the pomp of Tyre,  
Judaea's grandeur and the awesome pow'r  
Of fallen Babylon, together join'd,  
Must wait the bidding of the Heav'nly Judge.  
As never in the ages gone before,  
Nor in th' eternal spirit-life to come,  
Mankind, a unit, shall assembled meet,  
And each man every fellow-mortal know.  
Imperial Solomon shall view the might  
Of greater Kings and Pharoahs, while o'er these  
Shall Macedonia's splendor sovereign gloat,  
Till matchless Caesar put his pride to shame.  
Philosophers, amazed, their Lord may view,  
And know the failure of their pagan dreams.  
Here Socrates and Plato learn to fear  
Unfathom'd things of Heaven, and all the wit  
Of Aristotle in confusion reels.

#### IV.

Above the anxious throng, the Heavenly King  
August and mighty, shall in judgment scan



The sacred volumes to His gaze outspread.  
Therein appear the deeds of all mankind;  
Each mortal's virtues, and each mortal's sins,  
For daily doth the angel of the pen  
Set down our every act, and word, and thought,  
That Heaven may justly honor, or accuse.  
Thus from his book of deeds must every man  
At Judgment Day before his Christ be shown,  
Answering as his name from Heavenly scrolls  
Is called, and he to face th' Almighty bid.  
Secrets that could the power of empires shake,  
Tear long-respected names from lofty place,  
Exalt the victim of malignant scorn,  
The social fabric rend, and history's page  
Confuse with such corrections that the eye  
No more Man's old familiar tale might trace:  
These, aye, and more, to Godhead well are known,  
And will in hour of judgment be revealed.

V.

Then shall mankind forever severed be:  
The righteous placed on the right hand of Christ,  
The wicked on the left; each judgment made  
From deeds of life in holy volume writ.  
Nor can Man's place, when once assigned, be  
changed,  
For sacred evidence no error holds,  
And God's command no tempering can receive.  
Those on the right will Heaven's eternal realm  
And Christ's pure blessing gain; those on the left  
Must in the pit perpetual pain endure.

## VI.

How bright the band that cluster on the right!  
Here stand the godly with expectant mien,  
In shining garments clad, eager to hear  
The commendation of the Heavenly King.  
Thick in their midst, in innocent array,  
The infant throng behold; whose spotless lives  
No sin in the Almighty's sight contain.  
Blessed their fate, who thus from harmless joys  
On earth, to kindred joys of Heaven may soar!  
But those of older growth, yet equal good,  
Beside them shall on Christ's right hand rejoice,  
And stript of worldly cares, receive the boon  
Their godly prayers and pious lives have won.  
All those who did the Christ on earth accept  
For God's Messiah, and with joyful heart  
His precepts follow to the end, shall reap  
The fruits of virtue, and to Heaven ascend.  
On this blest concourse, cleansed by His own blood  
Of earthly sinning, shall the King of Kings  
A favoring glance bestow, and all commend;  
Then each unto that Heavenly place assign  
Which at Creation for the good was fixed.

## VII.

Thither they mount, a shining, sinless, band  
Who on the earth to no temptation bowed,  
But followed in the footsteps of the Lord.  
The empyrean feels the rising flight,  
And echoes to the loud, adoring song

Sang loudly by redeemed hosts as they soar  
Aloft, the happy angels to approach.  
Rejoicing shall the band the ether scale,  
And reach the blessings of the realm above,  
Where stand the many mansions, long prepared  
By Christly foresight for the pure and true.  
O sight supernal! can the filmed eye  
Of earthly fancy glimpse the exalted scene  
That waits the ascending millions of the blest?  
Can mortal pen portray the Home of God?  
Well might our feeble frames, vouchsafed a  
glance,  
Like Semele beneath the beams dissolve,  
And by excess of splendor be consumed.  
Only for souls preserved, their burdens shed,  
Their cares outdistanced, and life's span expired,  
Is that bright country by the Father's throne.

#### VIII.

There sit Jehovah, and the Christ our Lord,  
Around them grouped the legions of the saved,  
In vestments as of snow, whilst argent shafts  
Of sacred radiance dazzle as they gleam  
O'er throngs angelic in perpetual day.  
In such a realm no sadness may abide,  
Nor may the throes of illness rend the blest.  
Death may no more his mournful tribute claim,  
And pain and dread temptation harass none.  
The arching dome with paeans shall resound,  
As seraphs praise the Lord in lyric strain,

Whilst universal love, unclouded, floats  
Symphonic with the notes reverberant,  
Till all the spheres concordant bliss enjoy.  
Summit of all! But not for all designed,  
Since Judgment separates the sons of earth,  
And damns the sinner while it saves the saint.

### IX.

Pity the lost! Shriek out, ye orbs hysteric,  
And reel eccentric in your loosening paths  
At sight of those on the left hand of Christ!  
Chaos, reborn, the swelling wail attends.  
There throng in dark array the accursed ranks  
Of the unfaithful. There no children stand,  
For all the lost have conscious evil done.  
There stalks the murderer, and skulks the thief,  
There drunkards stagger, and marauders prowl.  
The vile blasphemer and the liar join  
Their hideous outcries to the hopeless choir.  
The impious and the doubting scream and cringe,  
Whilst wretches, stained with nameless sin, im-  
plore

A late forgiveness they may never win.  
On this abandoned throng the King shall gaze,  
And sorrowing, bid them to the eternal doom.  
Unhappy gathering! All on earth could choose  
The path of right that leads to heavenly bliss;  
Yet blind to future, they their Christ disdained,  
And in the evanescent joys of sin  
The lasting torments of damnation earned.

Now shall the flaming pit, in ages past  
For Satan and the insurgent angels formed  
Expand; and gape to grasp the gibbering horde  
That wail and rave in impotent dismay.  
High leap the fiery tongues that from the gulf  
Of ceaseless anguish hungrily protrude  
To taste the sinning victims that descend.

X.

Illimitable Chaos feels the ray,  
And gleams with lurid lustre far outborne,  
The while it echoes to an horrid clash  
Of snarled sounds and ululations wild,  
That with extent of fear and bursting rage  
Awake the recollection of that day  
When with his horde the false Archangel fell  
Eternally condemned. O penance dire  
That waits the sinner at the end of time!  
In seething flame immersed, a prey to pain  
Such as no mortal knows, nor dream reveals.  
Infinitude of agony! The mind  
Of living sufferer might by madness gain  
A drear relief, yet here must quickened sense  
Afflict the soul with aggravated woes.  
Without a friend, of home and peace bereft,  
Of happiness denuded, and of smiles  
And songs and sunshine nevermore to know,  
Save as vain memory may lash the heart!  
The breezes of the spring, the flowers of June,  
The birds' soft carol, and the dulcet voice

Of infant innocence no more shall bless.  
E'en Satan shall the kindly word withhold,  
Nor welcome those to his dread empire doomed.  
Reviled by choirs demoniac, shall all the curst  
Of earth in Hell as mocked intruders groan.  
The gate shall close forever, and the eyes  
Of things unnamed leer at the writhing throng  
That knew not God, but were by Satan led.  
Unfading Hope shall fade, and dark Despair  
The sum of grief unutterable crown.

*PART III.*





## MY MOTHER'S GOLDEN KEY.

"Ask, and it shall be given you." Matt. 7:7.

My mother's prayer was the Golden Key  
She always used on her bended knee;  
With it she opened a store of grace,  
Which made our home a heavenly place.

Amid the toils of the busy day—  
No matter where, in every way,  
She held that key in her hand of power,  
And used it well through each passing hour.

When darkness came, and discouragement,  
A place there was, where she always went,  
And there with prayer as her Golden Key  
She opened treasures lavish and free.

At evening time, when the day was done,  
She soothed the children to sleep—each one;  
Then by their side on her bended knee  
She locked them up with her Golden Key.

And, when she came to the Gate of Light,  
And heaven's glories appeared in sight,  
Her Golden Key opened wide the gate,  
Through which she passed, where the angels wait.

## THE MERCY SEAT.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." John 6:37.

I'm coming to the Mercy Seat;  
I long to kneel at Jesus' feet;  
And there to Him my sins confess,  
That He my hungry soul may bless.

I'm coming to the Mercy Seat,  
Where sinners and their Savior meet;  
Where Jesus hears me when I pray  
And washes all my sins away.

I'm coming to the Mercy Seat,  
Where I'll surrender all, complete,  
And trust myself to Jesus' love,  
That He may take me home above.

I'm coming to the Mercy Seat,  
The place of prayer, the soul's retreat;  
I hear the voice of Jesus, sweet,  
He's calling to the Mercy Seat!

I'm coming to the Mercy Seat,  
And there to Jesus I'll repeat,  
My love for him, and hate for sin,  
Until He saves and takes me in.

## AT HOME WITH JESUS.

"Where I am, there shall ye be also." John 14:3.

In that happy, happy place,  
Where I'll see my Savior's face,  
There I'll lay my armor down,  
And receive a fadeless crown!

I am living for that hour,  
Cleansed from sin by Jesus' power,  
And I'm looking for the dawn  
Of that bright and blessed morn!

Soon the call will come for me,  
And my Savior's face I'll see  
Radiant with the beams of light  
In that Land of pure delight!

White-robed saints are gathering there,  
White-robed saints from everywhere,  
Singing songs of victory—  
That's the Land for you and me!

In that glorious summer land,  
We will fully understand,  
All the myteries of time—  
All of which will be sublime.

## JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

"They see Jesus walking on the sea, and drawing nigh unto the ship: and they were afraid." John 6:19.

When Jesus walked upon the sea,  
The raging waves were rolling high,  
But Master of the Deep was He;  
His will the storm could not defy.

He walked as if upon the land,  
Without a thought of fear or harm;  
He wished the twelve to understand  
There was no cause for their alarm.

He walked upon the high waves' crest  
With many dangers 'neath His feet,  
To save His own, who were distress,  
And nothing could His plan defeat.

The eye, that saw the twelve that night,  
Is watching now with loving care  
All those who keep Him in their sight  
And they His safety surely share.

O blessed thought, O blessed thought!  
That Jesus Christ is ever near—  
The Matchless One whose power wrought—  
Such miracle and saved from fear!

## LEAVING ALL TO JESUS.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." Psalm 37:5.

I left it all with Jesus!  
He is my friend!  
My load I could not carry  
To my life's end!

I gave them all to Jesus—  
He hears my prayers—  
My doubts, and fears and troubles!  
For me He cares!

I gave them all to Jesus—  
Wisdom He shows—  
The depths I could not fathom—  
He knows! He knows!

I gave them all to Jesus—  
He's with me still!  
The storms, that sweep about me,  
Obey His will!

I trust them all to Jesus—  
And I'll not fall—  
My words, and ways and actions—  
He is my all!

## THE ANSWER.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

I often wonder why the Lord,  
When all the world was plunged in sin,  
Opened the way to heaven for me,  
Permitting me to walk therein.

I've often wondered why the Lord  
In mercy touched my poor lost soul,  
And by His grace enabled me  
To come to Christ, and be made whole.

I've often wondered why the Lord  
Comes to me daily, dwells with me,  
Keeps me so sweetly saved from sin,  
And fills me with His purity.

I've often wondered why the Lord  
Will take me up to heaven above—  
That home prepared by His own hand,  
Where every law is perfect love.

It is because of His great love,  
Love boundless as eternity,  
Which comes in all its wondrous strength  
From out the Father's heart to me.

## MY EVENING MEDITATION.

"Think on these things." Phil. 4:8.

The day has passed, and twilight's here;  
The sun has set beyond the hills,  
And with it hope and joy and fear,  
Another page my record fills.

What I have done, what I have said;  
And every motive under each,  
On this new page can now be read,  
And it has gone beyond my reach!

At break of day 'twas given to me,  
That page unsullied, clean and white;  
No mark upon it one could see,  
But it is full, all full, tonight!

And now that record, dark or fair,  
Of what I've said and done today,  
Is all my own—I put it there—  
And as 'tis written so 'twill stay!

Tonight a question comes to me,  
A question I cannot keep back;  
Oh! is that page what it should be?  
And if it's not, what does it lack?

## I LOVE THE LORD.

"Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love Thee." John 21:16.

I love the Lord, I know I do!  
He takes my every sin away;  
My all I consecrate to Him,  
His loving voice I will obey!

I love the Lord, I know I do!  
The Blood of Jesus makes me white;  
'Tis meat and drink, and rest and strength,  
To follow Him through day and night!

I love the Lord, I know I do!  
He's with me when I need Him most;  
He takes me as I yield to Him,  
And fills me with the Holy Ghost!

I love the Lord, I know I do!  
His fellowship is sweet to me;  
'Tis heaven below to walk with Him—  
To know His Blood from sin makes free!

I love the Lord, I know I do!  
I'll gladly follow where He'll lead;  
No matter what, or where, or when,  
He will supply my every need!



## THE MERITED CROWN.

"Whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive." Matt. 20:7.

The merited crown is the crown for me!  
The merited crown, no richer can be!  
The merited crown no money can buy,  
The merited crown no foe can defy!

The merited crown is the crown I seek,  
The merited crown for humble and meek!  
The merited crown no mortal can make,  
The merited crown no rival can take!

The merited crown is won without strife  
By him who gives it the whole of his life  
And aims at the best with all of his might  
Forsaking all else but doing the right!

The merited crown, the lowly may wear;  
The price is not gold, nor heritage rare;  
The merited crown, in glittering worth,  
Is placed before all while living on earth.

The merited crown, in dazzling light,  
Is crown of all crowns—it glows in the night;  
Its jewels are rich, more precious than gold,  
Its beauty so rare, it cannot be told!

## I WILL SEE MY SAVIOR FIRST OF ALL.

"We shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." I.  
John 3:2.

When I reach home in that beautiful land,  
    I will want to see my Savior first of all!  
When I walk out on that glittering strand,  
    I will want to see my Savior first of all!

I'll meet the saints, who have gone on before,  
    But I'll want to see my Savior first of all!  
I'll hear them sing on that beautiful shore,  
    But I'll want to see my Savior first of all!

On that bright morn, when the saints all arise,  
    I will want to see my Savior first of all!  
I'll look for many a happy surprise,  
    But I'll want to see my Savior first of all!

At evening time when my work here is done,  
    I will want to see my Savior first of all!  
And I go home for the crown I have won  
    I will want to see my Savior first of all!

When I get home where the saints ever stay,  
    I will want to see my Savior first of all!  
I'll look for mother and father that day,  
    But I'll want to see my Savior first of all!

## BELONGING TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

"Now are we the sons of God." I. John 3:2.

I belong to the royal family in the sky—  
Heaven is my home!  
I've a mansion, beautiful mansion upon high—  
Heaven is my home!

I belong to the white-robed throng of saints  
above—  
Heaven is my home!  
I'll join in their sweetest of song—Redeeming  
love—  
Heaven is my home!

I shall walk with the happy saints in glory  
bright—  
Heaven is my home!  
Round the Throne of the Golden City in the  
light—  
Heaven is my home!

I belong to the royal family in the sky—  
Heaven is my home!  
And up there I shall greet my kindred, by and  
by—  
Heaven is my home!

Some bright day I shall hear the call, "Come  
home, well done"—

Heaven is my home!

Then I'll enter the Golden City with victories  
won—

Heaven is my home!

## JESUS, A SAVIOR FOR ALL.

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him" Heb. 7:25.

God's invitation is as broad,  
As is the need of sinful man;  
The young, the old, the well, the sick,  
Are all included in His plan.

No one has gone away so far,  
No one has sunk so low that he  
Is not included in God's call  
Of love and mercy, full and free.

No matter what the work of sin  
Has been upon the weary soul,  
God still invites—there's yet a chance  
For all who long to be made whole.

God does not look upon the past,  
Nor even on the present time  
To mark the sins, or count the crimes,  
But only asks, "Wilt thou be mine?"

No matter who the wanderer is,  
Nor where his sinful steps have been,  
If he comes back to Jesus Christ,  
He'll find that God will take him in.

## FINDING THE LORD.

"He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth." Psa. 40:2, 3.

It seemed to me the deepest woe,  
The darkest hour, that one could know,  
Filled all my thoughts and all my soul  
The night that Jesus made me whole.

I fancied I was sinking down,  
Where mercy never could be found;  
And how I felt I cannot tell—  
I thought my soul was bound for hell!

I'll ne'er forget that awful hour—  
I cried, I prayed, I sought for power  
To lift me up where I could stand,  
And hold on fast to God's command.

One thing, and only one I craved—  
I yearned that I might then be saved;  
That was my thought, and it is still—  
I cannot live but in His will!

How one can think there is no hell,  
There's only one way I can tell;  
He has not been where I have been  
Convicted pungently of sin!

## JESUS, MY LORD AND KING.

"I will come to you." John 14:8.

Somebody's calling me today,  
Calling me to the happy way,  
Willing to save me from my sin,  
Willing to make me pure within—  
'Tis Jesus Christ, my Lord and King!

Somebody sees the Tempter's snare,  
Hidden along my way somewhere;  
Somebody wants to help me through,  
Making for me a path that's new—  
'Tis Jesus Christ, my Lord and King!

Somebody's heart in love is deep,  
Yearning my wayward steps to keep,  
Ready to put the past from sight,  
Leaving the record fair and white.  
'Tis Jesus Christ, my Lord and King!

Somebody's hand will touch my own,  
Leading me to the best way known,  
Out of the dark and fearful night  
Into the way of heaven's light.  
'Tis Jesus Christ, my Lord and King!

Somebody's voice will speak in love,  
Telling me of the way above;  
Somebody's power will make me clean,  
Ready for His celestial scene.  
'Tis Jesus Christ, my Lord and King!

## VOTING THE COUNTRY DRY.

"I rejoice therefore that I have confidence in you in all things." II. Cor. 7:16.

We will vote the country dry!  
 Long the curse has hovered nigh,  
 But at last the whiskey blight  
 Meets our strength in final fight;  
 And we will never yield, but vote the country dry!

We have heard the orphan's cry,  
 Too long waiting for reply:  
 Whiskey must no longer sway—  
 We will cheat it of its prey—  
 And in answer we will vote the country dry!

We will vote the country dry!  
 It must kill the foe or die;  
 Loud resound the wails of woe  
 From the homes where drunkards go;  
 Hearts aflame, we stand to vote the country dry!

We will vote the country dry!  
 Till in shame the curse shall fly;  
 Blackest of the blights that lower  
 Is the demon Whiskey's power,  
 So we'll wake at last, and vote the country dry!

"Mother, home and native land,"  
 Call as one in loud command,  
 "To the front and slay the foe—  
 "Foulest any land can know!"  
 And in answer we will vote the country dry!



## MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Psalm 34:7.

The guardian angel fair  
Is with me everywhere;  
He's always by my side  
My waiting steps to guide;  
He understands my will—  
God's purpose to fulfill  
In all I do or say  
Throughout my life's whole day.

If dangers linger near,  
Why should I have a fear?  
My angel there will stand  
With sword and shield in hand,  
My battles all to fight,  
While I am in his light!  
When he is standing by,  
All foes I can defy!

He sees me when I bring  
My offerings to the King;  
He hears me when I pray,  
And knows I will obey  
In everything his voice,  
No matter what my choice;  
And, when I'm full of fear,  
'Tis sweet to know he's near.

The guardian angel fair  
Is with me everywhere;  
He guards with perfect love;  
He points to heaven above,  
And tells me of the King,  
Whose praises I may sing,  
Far up above the sky,  
In glory by and bye!

## PICTURES OF CHRIST.

"As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when awake, with thy likeness." Psalm 17:15.

Since the days when Christ was man,  
Many men have tried and tried  
To paint His features as they were—  
Just as He lived, just as He died.

The world's best artists have employed  
Their utmost efforts to portray  
Each incident of Jesus' life,  
As they conceived them in His day.

Grand specimens have been produced  
By artists of the highest grade,  
But still no likeness is exact—  
No likeness of Him can be made.

The beauty of the Christ exceeds  
The art of this or any day;  
No picture possibly can be  
At all exact in any way.

The same is true, too, of His love,  
His suffering and His gentleness,  
His tender mercies, and His grace,  
His ever readiness to bless:

Also of His forgiving powers,  
His patience and His purity,  
Obedience to the will of God,  
And His life of humility.

'Tis vain to reproduce His face,  
No artist ever this could do;  
He is too matchless, wonderful—  
To such a face there is no clue.

## THE BROAD WAY.

"Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." Matt. 7:13.

There is a way the Lord calls "Broad,"  
Which ends inside perdition's gate;  
The devil owns this great "broad way,"  
And makes each traveler his mate.

The "broad way's" broad enough for all,  
Who choose the devil as their guide;  
No matter what they say or do,  
They're always welcome at his side.

This way is thronged with transgressors  
Of every law of God and man;  
It is a way that none walk in  
But violators of God's plan.

Murderers, drunkards, harlots, thieves,  
The sinners, all of every class,  
Who disobey the Lord their God,  
Walk in this way—alas! alas!

Each one, who travels in this way,  
No matter what his thoughts may be,  
Is helping to make up a part  
Of that great lawless compnay.

The old, the middle-aged, the young,  
     Are traveling in it, side by side;  
 The way's so "broad," there's room for all,  
     Yet Satan is not satisfied!

The hand of satan puts up signs,  
     Which point to gates along the way,  
 So he who wills may quickly get  
     Upon the "broad way" any day.

Saloons and gambling dens, and shows,  
     And every other place of sin,  
 Are gates, that lead to this "broad way,"  
     Through which all travelers get in.

Once in the "broad way," going down,  
     'Tis difficult to get away,  
 The devil uses all his power  
     To hold them fast as his own prey.

But there is hope for such as want  
     A place within the "narrow way";  
 It is through Jesus Christ the Lord,  
     Who saves all who His words obey.

## THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD.

"Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Romans 8:9.

### DIVINELY FIXED.

The Christian Standard God has fixed,  
And He alone such rights maintain;  
It was, and is, and shall be His,  
Ever throughout the world's domain.

Nothing essential to be saved  
Is left for dying souls to guess—  
Too much depends upon the choice,  
Of happiness or of distress.

God makes the matter plain to all—  
So plain that every one may know  
The way that leads from earth to heaven,  
Where saints of all the ages go.

'Tis plain, as plain as it should be,  
The Standard, which the Lord has made,  
That all may know, and none surmise  
At things, which make the soul afraid.

The Standard is one and the same—  
One heaven, one way, up to the Throne,  
And all who walk therein, must have  
What God requires, and be His own.

THE REQUIREMENT.

The Standard which God fixes is—  
    'Tis nothing less and nothing more—  
The Spirit of Jesus the Christ  
    For every one the whole world o'er.

The Spirit of Jesus the Christ  
    Is what must be in every heart,  
That's saved from sin, and is the Lord's---  
    Christ's Spirit, wholly—not in part.

The martyr's spirit's not enough—  
    Although we think it is the best—  
But Jesus' Spirit, which sustains  
    The martyr's spirit—that's the test.

And not a spirit that can be  
    Developed haply into one,  
That bears the likeness of the Christ's,  
    That test won't stand—could it be done.

The Spirit of our Christ, the Lord,  
    With nothing less and nothing more,  
Is the Almighty's Standard fixed  
    For every one, forever more.

GENERALITY.

God's Standard of the Christian life  
    Reveals His dealings just with all;  
It does not change with creeds of men,  
    Nor does it hearken when they call.



For one as all, and all as one,  
Of every creed in every land,  
The Standard is the very same—  
In this there is but one command.

Bishops and elders, deacons, too,  
And others in official place  
Without the Spirit of the Christ  
Cannot be His, or see His face.

For all the people 'tis the same;  
Or rich, or poor, or bond, or free,  
No matter what, no matter who,  
For all there is the same decree.

“For now if any man have not  
The Spirit of Jesus the Lord,  
He's none of His,” and cannot be  
With Him in sweet and full accord.

#### TIME.

The time—a most important thing,  
Which we should all consider well,  
Is that small word that sets the date,  
Christ's Spirit must in each one dwell.

“Are you a Christian?” may be asked,  
And in their answers many say,  
“I was converted years ago,  
And joined the Church without delay.”

As evidence that they are God's,  
    This seems to be all that they know—  
About the present not a word,  
    But just what happened years ago!

The Standard that the Lord has fixed,  
    To which we all must surely bow,  
Is Jesus' Spirit, and the time,  
    He fixes is, *this moment*—NOW!

With Him we're saved, without we're lost,  
    No matter what the past has been;  
God's standard of the Christian life,  
    And that alone, will save from sin.

## SHOWERS OF GRACE.

"God is able to make all grace abound towards you; that ye, always having sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." II. Cor. 9:8.

### I.

As little drops of water fall  
Upon the parched and thirsty land,  
Sent hither at the Father's call,  
In answer to the earth's demand—  
So showers of grace from God are given,  
My hungry soul to satisfy;  
Supplies abundant, fresh from heaven,  
Are sent as on Him I rely.

### II.

As little drops of water start  
The growing grass and trickling stream,  
To life a freshening boon impart,  
And on the swelling foliage gleam—  
So showers of grace upon my soul,  
Its peace and purity renew;  
With God's great love restore me whole,  
In everything I think and do.

### III.

As little drops of water bless  
The life of land, and sea, and air,  
And every passing hour caress  
The world and all its creatures there—

So showers of grace in richness flow,  
And fill my soul from day to day ;  
God promises to bless me so,  
As long as I keep in His way.

IV.

As little drops of water sing  
Of Him who made them by His power,  
Recite the sweets His mercies bring,  
And praise Him in the falling shower—  
So let us, like the drops we see,  
Proclaim by every word and deed,  
The boundless grace and charity  
Of Him from whom all blessings proceed.

## WHAT IF THEY HAD.

"Thou hast the words of eternal life." John 6:68.

When Felix stood before St. Paul,  
And trembled at the truth he heard,  
He had the power to choose the Christ,  
And live the gospel, word by word—  
What if he had, what if he had?

The rich man with his bounteous store,  
With every needful thing at hand,  
Had chance enough to make his life  
What it should be, Christ-like and grand—  
What if he had, what if he had?

Pilate, who hesitated long  
Before condemning Christ the Lord,  
Could have released Him with a word,  
And had in conscience rich reward—  
What if he had, what if he had?

E'en Judas, who betrayed the Lord,  
Though using not the price received,  
Might have been saved, had he come back,  
And on his Master still believed—  
What if he had, what if he had?

Those, swearing falsely at His trial,  
And those, who drove the murderous nails,  
Had they so wished it, might have been  
Close friends of Him who never fails—  
What if they had, what if they had?

King Solomon, that monarch great,  
     The wisest man of all the race,  
 Had in his power the right of choice,  
     And could have been saved by His grace—  
         What if he had, what if he had?

While fleeing at the Lord's command,  
     To save her life from burning flame,  
 Lot's wife could have restrained desire  
     To look towards Sodom whence she came—  
         What if she had, what if she had?

The "cities of the plain," destroyed  
     By fire and brimstone long ago,  
 Could have repented and remained—  
     Could have escaped their awful woe—  
         What if they had, what if they had?

When Noah preached the word of truth,  
     And offered life to millions lost,  
 They could have turned to righteousness  
     By fully meeting all the cost—  
         What if they had, what if they had?

When Eve and Adam stood that day  
     Before the tempter who had laid  
 A plan to ruin them and theirs,  
     The answer "No!" could have been made—  
         What if they had, what if they had?

When Saul of Tarsus saw the light,  
And heard the voice that called from heaven,  
He could have answered, "Not now, Lord,  
I do not want to be forgiven"—  
What if he had, what if he had?

When Jesus called the Twelve to be  
His followers and friends for aye,  
Instead of saying "Yes!" to Him,  
They could have said, "We'll not obey!"—  
What if they had, what if they had?

When John the Baptist near the sea  
Announced the "Mightier One than he,"  
He could have preached as others did,  
And from the martyr's block been free—  
What if he had, what if he had?

When passing through his fiery trials,  
Which none have known and none can know,  
Job could have given up his faith,  
And walked the way that others go—  
What if he had, what if he had?

When Esther stood between her race,  
And a decree of death for all,  
Instead of risking her own life,  
She could have let the others fall—  
What if she had, what if she had?

When Moses heard the call of God  
To lead a nation sorely tried  
To Promised Land, and liberty,  
He could have faltered, and denied—  
What if he had, what if he had?

When Abram had his greatest test—  
To offer up his only son,  
He could have turned away and said,  
“Why, Lord, my God, should this be done”—  
What if he had, what if he had?



## THE TEMPTATIONS OF JESUS.

"Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." Matt. 4:1.

For forty days and forty nights  
The Son of God stayed, without bread,  
Within the wilderness alone,  
And there the devil came and said—

"Thou art the Son of God on high,  
And thou art now a hungry man;  
Take these white stones, and make them bread,  
Eat and be strong to work thy plan."

But Jesus knew who spoke to Him,  
The motive of the words he spake—  
The same deceiver who'd appeared  
To Eve and Adam, as a snake!

"Man shall not live alone by bread,  
But must have also every word  
The Lord doth speak," the Master said—  
Than which no greater truth's been heard.

Not satisfied with this attempt  
To thwart God's plan to save the race,  
The temple's soaring pinnacle  
The tempter chose for his next place.

There seated high above the ground,  
 As if upon a swinging shelf,  
 To Him the tempter: "If thou be  
 The Son of God, cast down thyself!"

"For it is written, 'He shall give  
 His angels charge concerning thee,  
 And in their hands they'll bear thee up,'  
 So thou art safe—jump off, and see!"

"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord, thy God!"  
 Quickly the Master then replied,  
 And once again the tempter knew  
 His call, though subtle, was denied.

But still determined on success,  
 Unwilling yet to own defeat,  
 The tempter took the Master next  
 Where kingdoms lay about their feet.

All these the devil pointed out,  
 And claimed each one, that they could see,  
 Then said, "All these I'll give thee now,  
 If thou wilt fall and worship me!"

Now life met life, and death met death,  
 And heaven and hell were face to face,  
 A battle raged, the power of which  
 Had ne'er been known in any place.

But Jesus Christ, God's gift to man,  
Was victor then, and e'er shall be—  
He drove the devil from the field,  
And never did a moment yield.

"It's written man shall worship God,  
And Him alone." "Get thee away!"  
Is what the Master said to him,  
And Satan quickly fled that day.

The moment of that great triumph,  
When Satan fled, angels appeared  
And ministered with heavenly bread  
To Him who won and never feared.

## THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.\*

"The church of God," Acts 20:28.

At Saratoga Springs these days of May  
 From nations near, and nations far away,  
 The Methodists—a vast and mighty throng—  
 Led here by Him, to whom they all belong,  
 From every quarter of the whole wide world,  
 With King Immanuel's banner unfurled,  
 Are gathered in the General Conference great,  
 The pulsing of whose heart the nations wait!

Now here the plans and work of all the church  
 Must undergo a scrutinizing search  
 By large and wise committees, made with care,  
 Who do their work most carefully with prayer.  
 Not only is the work of years reviewed  
 With all the methods, which have been pursued,  
 But new work also for the years is planned,  
 Which touches every race in every land.

Two eyes this Conference has, both gleaming  
                   bright,  
 Historic and prophetic, with keen sight.  
 It sees at once two ways with vision clear,  
 The past—the church's work afar and near;  
 The future—all that's waiting to be done,  
 The millions lost, who can, and must be won  
 From sin and death to Jesus Christ the Lord  
 To reap eternal life—His rich reward.

It plans some work for all within its care,  
That each in saving souls may have a share—  
The men, the women, and the children, too,  
Are given daily tasks, which they can do.  
At home, abroad, on land, and on sea,  
This company divided soon will be;  
Until their work is finished, hand in hand  
All, all will work—a willing conquering band.

And then one day upon the Golden Street  
With gathered sheaves this company will meet  
At Jesus Christ the Sheperd-Bishop's call  
With all the Saints in a Celestial Hall  
To dwell forever safe at home in Heaven,  
Where all the praise and glory shall be given  
To Him, through whom salvation was obtained,  
And all the happiness of glory gained.

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\*Written at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., May, 1916, during the session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

## HEAVEN WILL BE HEAVEN FOR ALL.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Ps. 17:15.

Of our home in the skies, and the regions of glory,  
     How oft have we pondered, and longed to recall  
 From the lips of the sacred the wonderful story,  
     And learn why a place is awaiting us all.

We are told, we believe it, that heaven containeth  
     Delight for the soul, be it lofty or low,  
 Though alike are His bounties, no taker complain-  
     eth,  
     And peasant and prince to one happiness go.

Though we know it is true, still our quick-stirring  
     wonder  
     Brings oft to our fancy the marvelous scene,  
 Where the rich and the poor, on the earth kept  
     asunder,  
     Unite in enjoying Jehovah's demesne.

It were folly to doubt it, for preacher and mother  
     Have taught it alike to our questioning youth,  
 Yet how can the boor and the baron be brother,  
     Though living alike in the country of truth?

So in spite of Humility's reverent learning,  
     And all that the good and the wise ones declare  
 There's a flame deep within us, peristently burn-  
     ing  
     To know how all men in its blessings may share.

See the scion of wealth, with his millions surrounded,

And happy in all that his silver can bring,  
Grow radiant with joy when the last trump is sounded,

And bow with delight to his Heavenly King!

Then the beggar, half frozen, whose rags fall about him;

Who knows neither home nor a friend's cheering tone,

Prays to God in his hunger—'twere folly to doubt Him—

And blithely mounts up to the Heavenly Throne!

Thus the weak and the aged, the hopeless and weary,

Who know not a blessing upon the cold earth,  
Cast off their frail bodies, and nevermore dreary,  
Soar high in the regions of Heavenly worth.

And the youth and maiden, from promise and pleasure

Taken up to the land where the beacon lights burn,

Enraptured with more than the mortal can treasure,

Would cling to their Heaven, though free to return!

So the infant in arms, to its fond mother clinging,  
     When raised to the glories of Heaven's bright  
         seat,  
 Breaks off its dependence, and joins the sweet  
         singing  
     Of Seraphs and Cherubs, in rapture complete.

The infirm and afflicted, with malady groaning,  
     Await with impatience the swift coming end,  
 When Heaven shall quiet their agonized moaning,  
     And they to the angels their presence may lend.

And the throng in whose frames runs the vigor  
         of living,  
     Whose sound surging pulses so painlessly beat,  
 When life must be yielded, weep not at the giving,  
     But God in His Heaven with ecstasy greet.

The proud Duke from his palace of beauty and  
         splendor  
     To meet the Messiah with happiness goes ;  
 Falls in His blest arms with a cry glad and ten-  
         der,  
     And bliss in a palace more beautiful knows.

And the churl of the cot with its squalor and wild-  
         ness,  
     The meanest of hovels, and scarcely a home,  
 Expands with delight at the Heavenly mildness ;  
     Salutes his Creator, nor wishes to roam.



And the dregs at the bottom, the weak and misguided,  
Deprived at their birth of the chance to succeed;  
In Heaven find all the lost chances provided,  
And gain from Jehovah the guidance they need.

The fond husband and wife, so divinely united  
That neither alone in the world could stay  
In the Heavenly home can apart be delighted,  
And each one be happy, contented for aye.

And the fathers and mothers whose true love embraces  
The children they hold on affectionate breast,  
Lose their sorrow of parting in God's lofty places,  
And hasten with joy on their Heavenward quest.

See the man of refinement, the product of breeding,  
Endowed with the finest that culture can give,  
The sweet levelling call of the Seraphim heeding,  
And mounting, enraptured, in Heaven to live.

And the drone of the highway, the wastrel who squanders  
His God-given life in inglorious ease,  
Up above through the chambers of Heaven now wanders;  
The presence of Godhead sufficient to please.

All the nations, whatever their manner of speak-  
ing,  
    Whatever their place or their creed or their  
    name,  
In Heaven one radiant object are seeking,  
    And all the same blessing from Jesus can claim.

So adown the long ages ; past, future, and present,  
    One blessing alone, overwhelming in might,  
Gilds all immortality, glorious and pleasant,  
    And Paradise bathes in a Heavenly light.

\*   \*   \*

Now that which will make Heaven a heaven for  
all  
    Is the likeness of Christ in the trusting soul,  
Which is the Spirit of Him who saves from "the  
    fall,"  
    Whose power from every defilement makes  
    whole.

## OLD TIME RELIGION.

"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." Jer. 6:16.

Old time religion! Words of quickening power,  
When used in church, in sermon, song or prayer.  
There's something very strange about these  
words;

They grip the very heart, and hold it fast;  
They're full of something that is fresh and new;  
They're full of something, that will ever last.  
They seem to make appeal to all alike,  
The lost as well as saved, the old, the young.  
It carries with it everywhere, always,  
The things, which were "back yonder"—good old  
days!

And on these words somehow it's good to dwell.

### THE MEETING HOUSE.

The church was in those days called "meeting  
house."

It stood high up upon a hill; oak trees  
Surrounded it, and some are standing still.  
Around and by its side a grave yard lay,  
Where some from every family were laid,  
And where the people gathered oftentimes,  
And sang, and prayed, and talked, and wept.  
'Twas built of logs with door cut in the side;  
It had no windows, nor a modern stove,  
But one of these big fireplaces you see

But rarely nowadays, both deep and wide.  
The seats were not called "pews," but "benches"  
then—

Were made of pine log puncheons with dogwood,  
Or hickory legs, were backless, and quite strong.  
Upon the preacher's right the men all sat,  
The women on the left, a custom which  
Would now seem odd, though it was pleasing then.

#### THE PREACHER.

The preacher was a man of God. All knew  
That he was so. His heart was very pure,  
And in each word and act his life was right.  
His presence made the congregation feel  
Almighty God was near. He was well known  
In all the region round about the place,  
And once a month he preached the welcome word  
Of God—Jehovah—with great power and grace.  
Like Abraham, his beard was long and white;  
About him was no sham; he walked and talked  
As with the Lord, and he was revered.  
From him there came holy influence; his life  
Was given up to God, and His great plan.  
While passing through the neighborhood 'twas  
like

An inspiration to catch sight of him  
Riding upon his old black horse, called "Jim!"  
He'd come into the house, and sing, and pray,  
And brought such blessings from on high, that  
when

He left the home they always seemed to stay.

No terms familiar, like "Mister," or "Doc,"  
Were heard, when salutation came to him;  
'Twas "Brother"—with a dignity sublime.  
Through Jesus Christ had been conferred on him,  
The title of "D. D. G.", which meant to him,  
As he received it, "Deep Degree of Grace."  
That was the one degree he had—no more—  
And from it came his Christ-like, useful life.

#### THE PREACHING.

The preaching of the good old days of yore  
Was full of fiery words, and power, and truth;  
It moved the hearts, convinced the minds of all.  
There was no effort to display a mind  
All wise, but just the Word of God alone  
Comprised the theme, and gave delight to all.  
No general topics of the day—no art,  
No word of science, and of kindred things,  
But just the truth of God, and nothing else,  
Which made impresssions, which would always  
    stay,  
Realities of God and heaven—hell,  
The devil, and the judgment day—all these  
Were everlasting themes, that would be used.  
Had anything been introduced of doubt,  
Of lightness, argument, or such like things,  
It would have been considered blasphemous.  
Today there are survivors who recall  
The old time preaching as 'twas done of yore,  
And they will tell how Christ was won by those.  
Who'd given up fully things of this world.

It surely was the saints' delight to hear  
The Word of God as it was preached of old.  
'Twas pure, direct, 'twas simple, and 'twas strong  
And better it can never now be told.  
While sinners listened to the Word of God,  
Of His eternal truth, and power, and love,  
Their hearts were surely most profoundly stirred.  
It was not rare for any one to see  
On Sunday, or some other holy day,  
Before the preaching of the Word was done,  
All Christians rise to shout, and others pray.  
Such scenes will ever live with those of us,  
Who witnessed them of yore, and with sad heart,  
We ask, if they—if they will come again?

#### THE SINGING.

"Old time religion" singing—well, 'twas grand!  
It filled the heart and thrilled the souls of all;  
No organ then, nor even was there choir,  
And, being none, of those none felt the need.  
The congregation was the choir, with one,  
Who took the lead, while all the rest joined in.  
And, too, the songs they sang, the hymns they used,  
The very way they sang, it was inspired.  
It filled their souls with holiest of zeal,  
To live and work and die for God, to do  
His will always, His purpose to reveal.

#### THE PRAYERS.

The prayers of these good saints in days gone by  
Were conversations with the Lord, and all

Who heard were quite convinced that they  
With God Almighty were in one accord.  
No strange expressions, but each word and tone  
Breathed friendship with the One above us all.  
They talked to God as if 'twas face to face;  
They meekly listened to His voice, and when  
He spake, they understood, and made his will  
Their choice. And sometimes, when those saints  
    would pray,  
The earth and heaven would meet; man would go  
    up,  
And God come down, to greet each other there.  
It was communion with the Lord of hosts.  
With Him the soul was ever satisfied.

CONVICTION.

If there were in "old time religion" days  
Some infidels, they never said a word  
Of unbelief or their ungodly ways.  
No matter what one's former life had been,  
No matter what one thought was his belief,  
There was one thing most certain in their minds—  
God's spirit would convict of every sin.  
And oftentimes conviction was so deep,  
So pungent, and so awful, that it stirred  
Their hearts to very deepest depths of grief,  
When God's eternal truth was told to them.  
Convicted sinners could not work by day,  
Nor rest at night, for unto them was shown  
The pit of hell, which they would fain avoid.  
They wept, they cried, and then they prayed to God,



With willing hearts they gave their all to Him;  
They had a stern conviction, which produced  
A horror of all sin against the Lord.

#### REVIVALS.

Revivals then were counted as times of  
Refreshing from the presence of the Lord.  
Times of great power they were, almost like that  
Of Pentecost, for with the Holy Ghost  
The saints were filled; and sinners, pardoned, free.  
Revivals then were planned in heaven above,  
Such could not be worked up by men alone;  
They came assuredly from heaven on high.  
They were, in fact, the features of the times;  
They were expected fully year by year,  
And reckoned as a part of things to be—  
There was no fear there would be any lack.  
They met condition, paid the price in prayer,  
And God was faithful with them, and fulfilled  
His promises to them, to their delight.

#### CONVERSION.

One thing, that will be held in memory green,  
Is the conversion of the many souls,  
That took place in those days—the time, the hour,  
The scene surrounding it, the gleaming face;  
And often at the “mourners’ bench” it was  
Where souls surrendered fully to the Lord,  
And were converted by His blessed grace.  
Those new born souls expressed their thankfulness  
In shouts of praise, which went to God on high



From happy hearts; and this went on for days.  
Conversion then was called the "coming through,"  
Which well expressed the ordeal which took place.  
The dead in trespasses and in their sins  
Were made alive through Jesus Christ, their Lord.  
Saved! Saved! they were wondrously saved! "Born  
again!"

#### CONCLUSION.

The good "old time religion" days! How sweet  
The memory of the times and scenes to us,  
And yet these saints, who made them what they  
were,  
Are living still, though seeming dead to us.  
They've only been transferred to heaven above;  
Here love for the Almighty filled their hearts;  
They ne'er denied His holy name; in life  
They were as fully His, as now in heaven.  
Where they are now, we, too, may go anon;  
"Old time religion" is most surely there;  
And yet above it always will be new.  
The memory of those very blessed days  
Comes to us like the strongest chord of love;  
It binds our hearts, and draws them on and on  
Toward those who are awaiting us above.



## *PART IV.*



## I WANT TO HELP SOME ONE TODAY.

"And he brought him to Jesus." John 1:42.

I want to help some one today,  
Who's at the bottom of the way;  
Some one who wants to climb to heaven  
And burdened by sins unforgiven.

I want to help some one today,  
Some one who does not know to pray,  
When burdened with a load of care,  
And darkness deep seems everywhere.

I want to help some one today,  
Who never heard the Saviour say,  
"Come unto Me, I'll give you rest!  
"Come unto Me, thou shalt be blest!"

I want to help some one today,  
Whom Satan seeks as his own prey;  
Who would be from all sin set free,  
And worship Christ eternally.

I want to help some one today,  
Some one, who will the Lord obey,  
And then for this a blessing be  
To others, who Jesus would see.

## THE ANGEL AT GETHSEMANE.

"And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him." Luke 22:43.

He came, when he was needed most,  
In that dark hour of agony!  
He came, when he was needed most,  
The Angel at Gethsemane!

He came, when he was needed most,  
The angel, whom the Lord had sent!  
He came, when he was needed most,  
To Him, whose life was almost spent!

He comes, when he is needed most,  
The angel that the Lord commands;  
That which we lack he will supply—  
He'll bear us up in His strong hands.

He comes, when he is needed most,  
The angel of the Lord Most High,  
Imparting strength, even uttermost  
To those who without it would die!

He'll come, when he'll be needed most,  
The angel holding heaven's key;  
The gate of pearl will open wide  
At His approach—for you and me!

## THE VINE AND THE BRANCHES.

"I am the Vine; ye are the Branches." John 15:5.

"I am the Vine, and ye the branches are,"  
To His disciples thus the Saviour spoke  
Upon the night in which the traitor's hand  
Upon the Master fell in awful stroke.

"I am the Vine, and ye the branches are,"  
'Twas meant for every one—even you and me,  
Who claim Him as our own, and feel henceforth,  
United with Him we must ever be.

As lives the branch upon the growing vine,  
Its life and everything it needs supplied  
In measure full, complete, so is my soul,  
While to the Lord I cling—in Him abide.

Then just as much as branch is like the vine,  
From which it lives, and yields fruit year by year,  
So must I bear the image of my Lord,  
In inner life, motive, in holy fear.

And as the little branch comes from the heart  
And is therefore part of the vine, we see,  
So in the heart of Christ, the Christian's born  
To be a part of him eternally.

## WHERE JESUS IS 'TIS HEAVEN.

"For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. 8:38, 39.

Once heaven seemed a place afar,  
 Beyond the clouds and stars on high,  
 Whose gate of glory stood ajar  
 For happy pilgrims when they die.

It seemed so very far away,  
 And wrapped in mysteries so great,  
 'Twas hard to understand it may  
 Be found this side the pearly gate.

I thought of mansions over there,  
 And robes and palms, and crowns of gold,  
 And saints, upon the golden stair,  
 Forever in that heavenly fold.

But since I sought and found my Lord,  
 And worshipped at His pierced feet—  
 Gave Him my life with free accord,  
 I find His fellowship so sweet,

That I believe, and know its truth,  
 On land or sea, no matter where,  
 No matter when, in age or youth,  
 Where Jesus is, *'tis heaven there!*



## BECAUSE I WANT TO DO IT.

"If I do this thing willingly, I have a reward." I. Cor. 9:17.

You ask me why I love the Lord,  
And want to live in full accord  
With Him for heaven's rich reward?  
It is because I want to do it!

You ask me why I read the Word,  
Until by it my life is stirred,  
With messages my soul has heard?  
It is because I want to do it!

You ask me why I ever pray,  
And why in everything obey  
The will of Him, Who is the Way?  
It is because I want to do it!

You ask me why I go to church,  
And there my heart and motives search  
To keep away from Satan's smirch?  
It is because I want to do it!

You ask me why I gladly meet  
My work, and count the service sweet  
Which fills my life with joy complete?  
It is because I want to do it!

## JESUS IS NEAR.

"Be not afraid." John 6:20.

Upon that dark and stormy night,  
No harbor near, no beacon light;  
The winds were wild, the sea was high,  
And lightnings pierced the angry sky!

As rolled the waves to mountain height,  
Brave men grew pale, for flashes bright  
Revealed the terrors of the sea,  
Whereon their ship tossed helplessly!

With staring eyes, and 'bated breath,  
They watched what seemed their certain death  
In one mad wave, but on its crest  
Stood One, who stilled its angry breast!

His voice, which fell on listening ears,  
Like sweetest music, calmed their fears,  
And gladly they their welcome gave  
To Him, who stilled the troubled wave.

So ofttimes on life's stormy sea,  
The things that trouble you and me,  
Are only storm-tossed waves that bring  
To us rich blessings from our King.

## THE SWEETEST WORDS.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11:28.

Of all sweet words of tongue and pen,  
The sweetest are, "Come unto Me!"  
The words of Christ, who died for men,  
Died on the Cross of Calvary.

"Come unto Me!" How sweet the sound!  
My Savior calls—I hear His voice!  
In wondrous love His tones abound,  
My heart can make none else its choice.

No matter who the wanderer be,  
No matter how he's gone astray,  
God's message is, "Come unto Me!"  
'Tis his, if he will but obey.

"Come unto Me!" "Come unto Me!"  
How marvelous that He should call!  
And yet He calls and even pleads;  
His invitation is to all!

These gracious words that Jesus spake,  
Calls from a life of misery—  
And offers peace and happiness,  
In time and in eternity.

## THE CHURCH BELL.

"I speak concerning Christ and the Church." Eph. 5:32.

I often wonder what the bell,  
That hangs high up within the tower,  
Is saying, when its chiming swell,  
Tells us of church, it is the hour.

It has a voice almost divine,  
For, when it speaks, it calls to prayer,  
And in its tones seems to combine,  
A message for us to be there!

It knows no sect, no age, no class;  
It knows no friend, it knows no foe;  
It says alike to all the mass,  
Come let us to the church now go.

Its message is a holy plea,  
Wafted upon the waves of air,  
For righteousness for you and me,  
For all the people—everywhere!

The message of that sacred bell,  
Is music to the listening ear,  
And those who love the Church full well,  
Take from it comfort and good cheer!

## HOME AT LAST.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that, where I am, there ye may be also." John 14:3.

Some sweet and blessed day I'll sing—

"Home at last, home at last!"

Then I shall see my Savior King—

Home at last, home at last!

Then I shall lay my armor down—

Home at last, home at last!

Then I will wear a fadeless crown—

Home at last, home at last!

I'm looking for that blessed day—

Home at last, home at last!

When I shall meet my Lord to stay—

Home at last, home at last!

This thought inspires me for the race—

Home at last, home at last!

Some day I'll reach that heavenly place,

Home at last, home at last!

How sweet and blessed it will be—

Home at last, home at last!

And there for all eternity—

Home at last, home at last!

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen." Matt. 6:9-13.

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
     Now hallowed be Thy matchless name;  
 Yesterday, today, tomorrow,  
     And evermore Thou art the same.

Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done,  
     On earth as it is e'er in heaven;  
 That we below Thy will may do,  
     Supply us, Lord, with holy leaven.

Give us this day our daily bread,  
     That all our wants may be supplied;  
 Forgive our sins, as we forgive  
     Our debtors, through the Crucified.

Into temptation lead us not,  
     Deliver us from every sin,  
 That we may live to honor Thee  
     With holy lives, without, within.

We'll trust in Thee for saving grace  
     From out Thy boundless mercy store;  
 For Thine the Kingdom, Thine the power,  
     And Thine the glory, evermore.  
                     AMEN.

## FELLOWSHIP WITH JESUS.

"Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way?" Luke 24:32.

The sweetest thing that heart can know  
While trav'ling through this world below,  
Is fellowship with Christ the Lord;  
To blend with Him in blest accord.

It makes the heavy burden light,  
And guides the feet in pathways right;  
It fills the soul with joy and love  
Brought down by Jesus from above.

It banishes all doubt and fear,  
And always keeps the Saviour near;  
It satisfies the hungry heart,  
Which never would from Him depart.

And in temptation's trying hour,  
It robes us with resisting pow'r;  
So that in His communion sweet,  
We rest unconquered at His feet.

It bows the heav'n and lifts the earth;  
Unites the two in wondrous birth,  
And through the Saviour lets us in  
As Heavenly subjects, free from sin.

## OBEDIENCE.

"And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him."  
John 10:5.

One thing, and only one,  
    Shepherds require of their sheep—  
Obedience—that's all;  
    And then their flocks they safely keep.

Obedience—that's all!  
    Through waters still they will be led,  
Those who obey his call,  
    And there be rested and be fed.

The enemies, that hide  
    Behind the hedge and in the field,  
All woe to them betide,  
    The shepherd's power's a mighty shield!

Then home at eventide,  
    He'll bring his flock, all well, all saved,  
Because they have complied  
    With the obedience he craved..

Likewise with us it's so—  
    There's but a single thing to do—  
Obedience—and lo!  
    The Lord will surely bring us through!



## THERE'LL BE NO DELAY.

"While they are yet speaking, I will hear." *Isalah 65:24.*

I'm glad there is One, on whom we may call—

There'll be no delay!

He listens to one, and listens to all—

There'll be no delay!

He's never away, nor idle, nor slow—

There'll be no delay!

My plea He will hear when to Him I go—

There'll be no delay!

No matter what's been the past of my life—

There'll be no delay!

No matter how much of sin and of strife—

There'll be no delay!

The power of God, the blood of the Lamb—

There'll be no delay!

Will make my soul white—I'll come as I am—

There'll be no delay!

I'll answer the call of Jesus, my Friend—

There'll be no delay!

For ever and ever on Him I'll depend—

There'll be no delay!

And as I trust Him, so He may trust me—

There'll be no delay!

My all is His now, and ever shall be—

There'll be no delay!

## MY ANSWER TO MOTHER.

"She hath done what she could." Mark 14:8.

If I could see my mother now,  
    Aglow with heaven's light and love,  
Forever free from want and care,  
    In heaven, her happy home above—  
    I'd tell her I am coming on.

If I could see my mother smile,  
    Her beckoning hand held out to me,  
And hear her call, "Come on, my child,  
    I'm waiting here in heaven for thee"—  
    I'd tell her I am coming on.

If I could hear my mother sing,  
    "The song of Moses and the Lamb,"  
So rich, so sweet, so full of praise,  
    With angel choir at God's right hand—  
    I'd tell her I am coming on.

If I could see my mother now,  
    And hear her tell of heaven above,  
The things she'd seen, and heard up there,  
    And of the fullness of God's love—  
    I'd tell her I am coming on.

If I could see my mother now,  
    With crown of glory on her head,  
Amid the throng of white-robed saints,  
    Where all desire with love is fed,  
    I'd tell her I am coming on.

## WALKING WITH JESUS.

"Did not our heart burn within us, as He talked with us by the way?" Luke 24:32.

Walking with Jesus day by day,  
Talking with Him along life's way,  
Hearing His voice in accents sweet,  
Making my joy in Him complete—  
Is heaven to my soul!

Walking with Jesus as the Light,  
Shining amid the darkest night,  
Flooding my soul with love supreme,  
Holding me with His hand unseen—  
Is heaven to my soul!

Walking with Jesus, when I'm weak,  
Taking Him as the strength I seek,  
Walking with Him, when I am strong,  
Singing His praise in endless song—  
Is heaven to my soul!

Walking with Jesus, Savior, Friend,  
Knowing on Him I can depend,  
Feeling His strength and power and love,  
All the way to my home above—  
Is heaven to my soul!

Walking with Jesus—oh, how blest!  
Weary and worn He gives me rest;  
Hunger and thirst He satisfies,  
Out of His rich and full supplies—  
Is heaven to my soul!

## FORGETTING AND REMEMBERING.

"I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." Jeremiah 31:34.

As I look back upon the years,  
     Which came and went like hurried dreams,  
 And search the record of Life's book,  
     I find that here and there are gleams  
     Of that which I'd forget—  
     But I remember yet!

But all the pages I'd not blot,  
     Nor take from memory all the past;  
 I would remember many things  
     Remember them unto the last—  
     The bad I would forget;  
     The good remember yet!

The past is past, when God forgives;  
     The Blood of Jesus washes white;  
 No stain remains, no record's kept;  
     We're justified in heaven's light—  
     All sins are washed away,  
     The record's white alway!

But, while the record has been changed,  
     And all the sins of past forgiven,  
 And there's a blessed hope within  
     That bye and bye I'll be in heaven—  
     Some things in life remain,  
     Which fill my heart with pain!

The only record I can make,  
That will not cause regrets to stay,  
Is one that's made with Christ in view  
And in His presence day by day—  
I'll make by help divine  
Such record to be mine!

## COMING TO THE CROSS.

"And He, bearing His cross, went forth into a place.....  
where they crucified Him." John 19:17, 18.

Coming to the cross,  
Where Jesus died for me!  
There I'll lay my sins,  
Whatever they may be.

Leaving all the world,  
I'll walk the narrow way,  
Clinging to the cross  
Of Jesus day by day.

Jesus, Savior, Friend,  
He's calling now for me—  
Calling now for me,  
From sin to set me free!

He'll take me as I am,  
And I'll surrender all,  
Glad to yield myself  
To Jesus' loving call!

Jesus' blood will make  
Me white as driven snow;  
And I will bear His cross,  
Wherever I may go,

Trusting in His grace,  
And power to make me whole—  
He will take me in—  
Into His sheltering fold!

Coming to the cross,  
Where Jesus died for me!  
Coming in His name,  
His blood will set me free!

Coming in His love,  
In answer to His plea!  
Coming to the cross,  
Where Jesus died for me!

## BROAD ENOUGH FOR TWO.

"Straight is the gate and narrow is the way." Matt. 7:14.

I'm glad the narrow way  
Is broad enough for two,  
With Jesus Christ, my Lord,  
I'm going, going through.

It is the King's Highway,  
That leads from earth to heaven,  
It is for those who know  
Their sins have been forgiven.

The Truth, the Life, the Way—  
'Tis broad enough for two—  
I'm glad to walk with Him,  
Who died for me and you.

I hold communion sweet  
With Jesus all the day,  
So sweet that I forget  
How narrow is the way!

I'm glad the narrow way  
Is broad enough for two;  
Should doubt and fear assail,  
And clouds obscure my view—



Without my Lord to lead,  
And keep me, as I go,  
I'd lose the narrow way,  
And wander to and fro!

The way was made for two—  
For Jesus and for me—  
What matters it how straight  
And narrow it may be?

'Tis broad enough for two—  
For Jesus and for me!  
'Tis broad enough for two,  
And that's enough for me.

## WHERE TO SEE JESUS.

"Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" Matt. 2:2.

If we would see Jesus, the Lord,  
The Son of God from heaven on high,  
Then we must go, and we must stay  
In places where He passes by.

He passes where the sin-sick soul  
Is crying unto Him for peace;  
And there He'll stay as long as He  
Is needed for the soul's release.

He passes where the broken heart  
Is aching for the touch divine;  
He lifts the load, and heals the wound,  
The soul in grace He makes to shine.

He passes where the faithful saint  
To God Almighty sends His prayer;  
And there He stops, and there He waits  
To show His love and power and care.

He passes where the tempted soul  
Tries, oh! so hard, to put sin down;  
He gives the needed grace and strength,  
With glimpses of the victor's crown.

And I shall see and know my Lord,  
For He will pass along this way!  
The way He tells, that He will go,  
And He will pass along this way!

The way of Christ my Lord is peace;  
I know He'll pass along this way!  
All burdened hearts He will release,  
For He will pass along this way!

Upon my knees in prayer I'll wait,  
For He will pass along this way!  
He'll open wide the Mercy Gate,  
For He will pass along this way!

I'll tarry here in perfect faith,  
For He will pass along this way!  
And even now I'm sure He's near,  
For He will pass along this way!

He comes! He comes! I see! I see!  
Yes, He will pass along this way!  
My King in all His majesty!  
Aye, He will pass along this way!

## TRUTH IS TRUTH.

"Thou hast tried them which say they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars." Rev. 2:2.

The truth is truth, and fact is fact,  
And through eternity will stand  
As when it was established first  
According to divine command.

The truth is truth, and fact is fact,  
No matter what the people think  
About what God has firmly fixed,  
Nor how from this they'd like to shrink.

The truth is truth, and fact is fact,  
No matter what the people say;  
God cannot change a single thing—  
His verities were fixed to stay.

The truth is truth, and fact is fact,  
No matter what the people do;  
No act of man can change God's laws—  
They're fixed, for all, not for a few.

The truth is truth, and fact is fact,  
For every one, for every race;  
God has no favorites, and yet  
Each is His favorite by grace.

The truth is truth, and fact is fact,  
All who live here will live again,  
Somewhere beyond the grave that holds  
Their bodies which by death were slain.

The truth is truth, and fact is fact,  
Beyond the realm of time two states,  
And only two, exist for man,  
And one of these for each one waits.

The truth is truth, and fact is fact,  
The destiny of every one,  
Is fixed according to the life  
Lived in this world where it begun.

The truth is truth, and fact is fact,  
Beyond the grave no change there'll be;  
The destiny of every one,  
Will be the same eternally.

## STATE WIDE PROHIBITION.

(Written in Little Rock, Ark., January 1, 1916, the first day that State-wide prohibition was in effect).

At last! At 12 o'clock last night,  
Surrounded by its friends of yore,  
The liquor traffic breathed its last—  
In Arkansas it is no more!

We stand around a new made grave  
On this bright, happy New Year's Day;  
Dry are our eyes, our hearts are glad,  
Our greatest foe has passed away!

The fight's been very long and hard;  
We've voted, talked; we've wept and prayed;  
Victory was near, sometimes it seemed,  
But then again it was delayed.

But every time the Antis won,  
We buckled on more armor bright,  
And started out again to win,  
Because we knew that we were right.

The victory now we celebrate,  
O'er all the State of Arkansaw,  
Is quite complete and very great—  
It makes John Barleycorn outlaw!

Our heartfelt gratitude is due  
To every one throughout the State,  
Who through the years have fought that they  
This Prohibition might create.

And Arkansas was not alone!  
For at the midnight's cheerful ring  
In line with Prohibition States,  
Six other states were seen to swing.

South Carolina, Iowa,  
With Oregon and Idaho,  
Colorado and Washington,  
To Prohibition also go.

From land to land, from sea to sea,  
Where'er on earth our flag shall wave,  
The liquor traffic legalized,  
Shall rest forever in its grave!

The liquor traffic's doom is sealed;  
The hand's been writing on the wall;  
And that which formerly wrought death  
Itself at last has had to fall!

With lifted hand, uncovered head,  
And thankfulness no tongue can tell,  
We praise the Lord for banished bars,  
For riddance of this liquor-hell!

## THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

"Behold the half was not told me." I. Kings 10:7.

The Queen of Sheba, far away,  
    Heard of the riches, wisdom, grace,  
Of Solomon, Israel's great king,  
    Who occupied a favored place.

Though disbelieving, she set out  
    To see this wise and mighty king;  
With questions difficult she'd test  
    His wisdom, and offerings she'd bring.

She came, and, when she saw the pomp,  
    The dazzling splendor of the state,  
And heard the answers of the king—  
    For he replied with wisdom great—

She was convinced: "I fain confess,  
    That I did not believe," said she;  
"Since I have come to see I find,  
    "Behold, the half was not told me!"

### CONVERSION.

In days, when we were children small,  
    Around our mother's knee in prayer,  
We heard that Jesus Christ could save—  
    Heard of His mercy, love and care.



In Sunday school, and in the Church,  
We heard the very same of Him,  
And in good books and papers too,  
We read that He could save from sin.

In testimonies, prayers and songs,  
In those, who walked with Him in light,  
There was a note, the sound of which,  
Was that of heavenly delight.

We could not see, nor could we know  
How such strange things on earth could be;  
But when we sought and found the Lord,  
In pardon, glorious, full and free—

We found that all we heard was true,  
Of peace and love within the fold;  
We found, too, in that blissful hour  
That half the joy had not been told!

#### SUSTAINING GRACE.

The Bible tells us of a grace,  
That is sufficient for the day,  
No matter what our trials may be—  
The difficulties in the way.

We've heard also from lips of saints,  
Whose faces gleamed with heavenly light,  
That there was grace sufficient for  
The longest day and darkest night.

We've wondered if such things could be,  
 And sometimes questioned, "Is it true?"  
 Yet many, who were in the way,  
 Proved by their lives they surely knew.

Like Sheba's queen, we've made the test,  
 We've come to God in trials sore,  
 We've asked Him for sustaining grace—  
 We felt we could endure no more!

We quickly found that all was true—  
 Of His sustaining grace and power;  
 Also that half had not been told,  
 How he can save in trying hour!

#### THE CHRISTIAN'S DYING HOUR.

There is a time, of which we think,  
 As "dying hour," for every one,  
 When soul and body separate,  
 And life, as now, on earth is done.

Just what 'twill be we cannot know,  
 No matter how much we may think,  
 Until that hour is come to us,  
 — And we stand on the passing brink.

Some, who've been there, but still are here,  
 Have told us of the glorious things—  
 That heaven appeared, earth disappeared,  
 While to the Cross the soul still clings.

They've told us, too, that Jesus came,  
And loved ones from their home on high  
To take them up to their abode  
To live forever in the sky.

Such things we've heard of that good hour;  
We'll find them true when we get there,  
And, more besides, we'll find the half,  
Has ne'er been told yet anywhere!

ENTERING HEAVEN.

The bells of heaven ring welcome home!  
The gates of pearl are open wide!  
The light gleams forth with dazzling hue!  
No child of God will be denied!

There's Jesus Christ in loveliness,  
And precious ones, who've gone before;  
All battles fought, all trials past—  
It's heaven now forevermore!

The music of the angel bands,  
The songs of saints in glorious strain,  
Float on the heavenly breezes sweet  
O'er all the wide extended plane.

All that's been said of that glad time,  
When God shall open heaven's gate,  
To happy souls, who've gained the prize,  
And enter that most blessed state:

We'll find 'twas true, and even more,  
     The half has never yet been told;  
 We'll find it so that blissful day,  
     When we see heaven's light unfold!

IN HEAVEN.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
     About the Great White Throne in light,  
 Where face to face we've seen the Lord,  
     In all His beauty and His might.

And, when we've heard the angels sing  
     Their allelujah songs of praise,  
 In honor of the King of Kings,  
     In holy, sweet, enchanting lays.

And, when we've met, and when we've talked  
     With prophets, priests and kings up there,  
 And all the hosts of all redeemed,  
     From near and far, from everywhere.

And, when we've seen, and felt, and heard,  
     The glories of that heavenly land,  
 For ages, and forever more,  
     All under his divine command.

We'll say there in a joy complete,  
     "True all we heard, and yet, behold!  
 The half of glory's grandeur mete,  
     Has never yet in heaven been told!"

SIN.

From that all fateful day and hour, .  
In Eden's morning, bright and fair,  
When Eve and Adam were beguiled,  
Until the present everywhere

Are sickness, sorrow, pain and death,  
With fears and woes, and terrors rife;  
The marks of sin have been made deep  
On everything possessed of life.

The tongue of man has told and told,  
The devil's work in some degree,  
On mind and body, heart and soul,  
On man, wherever he may be.

The worst and all that has been said  
Of sin and its destructive plan,  
Is more than true, and yet the half  
Has not been told by mortal man.

THE SINNER'S DYING HOUR.

Of that dark day, and moment dire,  
Which we call "death," or "dying hour,"  
When unsaved souls are forced to leave  
This world, and in the devil's power—

Much has been said, and written, too—  
They've told us that the darkness there  
Was such it could not be described,  
And that there was no use for prayer!

At times the dying said they saw  
     Lost souls in deepest misery,  
 And heard their cries and wails of woe,  
     From out the depths of agony.

They said that they could see the pit  
     Of everlasting fire below,  
 And felt the flames of torment reach  
     Their souls from where they had to go!

The things we've heard of that sad hour,  
     No matter what man may believe,  
 Are true, and even more—the half  
     The terror one cannot conceive!

ENTERING HELL.

Alas! Alas! At last! At last!  
     Heaven is lost! and hell is found!  
 Jesus is gone, and fiends of night  
     In legions everywhere abound!

The doom is sealed, and sentence passed;  
     The broad way's ended at the gate,  
 Where meet time and eternity,  
     And devils in their fury wait.

All rays of hope and light are gone;  
     There's naught but darkness and despair,  
 And weeping, wailing, gnashing teeth,  
     By every one, and everywhere!

Much has been said of that sad time,  
That awful hour when each lost soul,  
Must bid farewell to friends, and heaven,  
And go where fiery billows roll,

And all that has been said is true,  
And "yet the half has not been told,"  
The horrors of that awful scene,  
Are more than lips can e'er unfold!

IN HELL.

And, when the fires of hell have burned  
For full ten thousand years and more,  
In furies none can ever know,  
Save those who feel them o'er and o'er.

And, when the cries of those who're lost  
In fruitless agonizing plea  
For water, which can ne'er be given,  
Are heard in vast eternity.

And, when the arch-fiend of the pit  
Proclaims that torment's just begun,  
And all the millions in that lake  
Know that forever they're undone.

And, when the anguish of the lost  
Is seen in every one that's there,  
And every word's a bitter curse,  
And every plea a hopeless prayer.

Then they will say, as has been said,  
    "All's true we ever heard of hell,  
And yet the half has not been told—  
    The misery here no tongue can tell!"



## JESUS, OUR EXAMPLE.

"I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done." John 13:15.

### I.

As faltering Man, on Virtue's soaring quest,  
Gropes for a pattern of the justly blest,  
Above the throngs of earth One Model towers,  
To guide the seeker in his anxious hours.  
Divine and human by th' eternal plan,  
In man the God; and in the God the man;  
Stands Christ our Lord, example for us all,  
From whom to copy, and on whom to call.  
Mortal and Deity together lead,  
Yet each, apart, supplies the varying need.  
As God, the Christ awaked the lifeless clay,  
And to the blind lent vision's cheering ray.  
The leper cleansed, the storm's wild fury sped,  
And on the waters walked with fearless tread.  
To hungry thousands He His mercy gave,  
And eased their famine till they ceased to crave:  
The sick and lame alike to health restored,  
And mended all who sought Him with His word.  
Thus did our Saviour as the one DIVINE,  
Express Jehovah's will, and with Him shine.

### II.

But not as vague DIVINITY alone  
Our blessed Jesus in His splendor shone,  
Though one with God, and ever at His side,

No less was Christ to HUMAN kind allied.  
As babe He came; to boyhood swiftly passed;  
In manly mould His aging form was cast,  
By mortal fellows as a mortal seen,  
He lived and died an humble Nazarene.  
In useful labor, modest and content,  
His hours of industry were ably spent.  
In shop, in field, in street and at the board,  
His acts examples for all men afford.

A simple citizen, He meekly stands,  
And by example shapes th' encircling lands.  
His spotless days, to all the world revealed,  
Enduring love and inspiration yield.  
All eyes behold Him, and each eager ear  
His matchless message to mankind can hear.  
Close to all men, the center of their race,  
Our blessed Saviour holds His hallowed place.

### III.

Though vain it were to fain DIVINITY,  
And strive, like Christ, a part of God to be,  
In Christ, the MAN, we lovingly discern  
The goal supreme, to follow and to learn.  
His own sweet words inform the willing mind,  
That seeks the right, and strives the Lord to find.  
"I've given you example" (thus they run),  
"That ye should also do as I have done"!   
What man, thus conscious of the Christ's desire,  
But can his soul with nobler purpose fire?  
Jesus' pure life, so lofty to relate,

Was lived that man might know and imitate.  
High is the standard that His gospels teach,  
Yet man, obedient, can the standard reach :  
Let worldly beacons flicker and grow dim ;  
The light we seek is unity with Him !  
Christ's words and deeds may justly mould our own,  
Whilst those He shunned, to us should be unknown.  
Forever shining as the mark supreme,  
He shows us what to say, and do, and dream.

IV.

Why need we question o'er the proper road,  
When Christ directs us, and assumes our load ?  
Why need we ponder o'er the doubtful word ?  
If Jesus spurned it, it should ne'er be heard.  
What Christ rejected, we should scorn as well,  
That we with Him in fellowship may dwell.  
Where Jesus trod, our paths may safely run,  
But spots He shunned as evil, we should shun.  
O'er land and sea, however far or wide,  
Unharm'd we move, if moving by His side.  
The wand'ring spirit, or the shipwrecked heart,  
Comes only when from Jesus' side we part.  
Blest be Jehovah ! Who among us placed  
The One Example, by His goodness graced ;  
Who set in mortal frame th' eternal light  
That guides the erring soul to Heavenly right.  
Praise Him in song, ye choirs of mortal birth,  
That reap His mercy on the rescued earth :  
Let Seraph hosts an equal joy confess,  
And with one voice the Great Example bless !

## THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

"There was a certain rich man....and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus." Luke 16:12-20.

### I.

In old Judaea long ago,  
 Ere Jesus preached the Word below,  
 A wealthy knight with purple gown,  
 And costly linen dwelt in town.  
 This Sybaritic prodigal  
 (Whom Roman sages Dives call),  
 Would daily like Lucullus eat  
 With eager greed his bread and meat.  
 But on the curb without the doors,  
 Half clad in rags, and sick with sores,  
 Crouched Lazarus, whose pleading palms  
 Stretched forth in pain and sought for alms.  
 Whilst Dives feasted at the board,  
 For crumbs poor Lazarus implored:  
 Of home, of friends, of all bereft,  
 The beggar ate what Dives left.  
 Where else may we in all mankind  
 So sharp and sad a contrast find?

### II.

One day they died, as all men must,  
 And faced the judgment of the Just:  
 To Heaven's domain by angels led,  
 The poor in life grew rich when dead;  
 Yet wealthy Dives, rich no more,  
 The torments of Inferno bore!

Perchance the rich man thought the tomb  
Would bury all, nor lead to doom,  
But Satan's flames impart too late  
The knowledge of a future state.  
Poor Lazarus on earth was true  
To God's command, and virtue knew ;  
So at the end the faithful lamb  
Reposes safe with Abraham.

III.

Now Dives, casting eyes above,  
Perceives the beggar, blest with love,  
And writhing in his direful woe,  
Must needs himself a beggar grow.  
With Abraham the rich man pleads  
For one moist drop to soothe his needs ;  
He begs that Lazarus, on high,  
May his thrice-thirsty tongue supply.  
But Abraham in truth then said :  
"Thou hadst thy wealth ere thou wert dead,  
"Whilst Lazarus, on earth denied,  
"May now in plentitude abide.  
"Twixt Heaven and Hell a gulf there lies,  
"Past which no soul may fall, or rise ;  
"From Hell thou canst not soar to me,  
"Nor can the beggar sink to thee.  
"Your lives your present states assigned,  
"And each is to his own confined."

IV.

At this dread sentence Dives groaned,  
And for his living kindred moaned ;

To Abraham his voice again  
He raised in suppliance and pain.  
For his five brothers hard he plead,  
That they might better fare when dead;  
That Lazarus above might give  
Them warning how to pray and live.  
Thus Dives, ever strange to prayer,  
With pleadings now assailed the air;  
Unused to reverent intent,  
To Abraham, not God he went.  
But Abraham again replied  
And showed his prayers must be denied:  
"Thy brothers may with pious ear,  
"Great Moses and the prophets hear;  
"If such thy kin will not attend,  
"The dead no better aid can lend."

## V.

So pineth Dives, once so proud,  
With torment and with sorrow bowed.  
In life a moral stamp he bore,  
And fed the beggar at his door;  
Like Lazarus the church he knew,  
And sat each Sabbath in his pew.  
So why must he damnation meet  
Whilst Lazarus the Lord may greet?  
The answer is not vaguely spoke;  
For Dives, though no law he broke,  
His lasting torments richly won  
Through Heaven-sent duties, *left undone!*

## THE COURSE OF LIFE.

"Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."  
Psa. 23:6.

### CHILDHOOD.

Hail! happy children, void of care,  
With artless smile and winning air.  
Gay as the birds, without pretence,  
And angel-like in innocence.  
For you the day no burden holds,  
And God's protecting arm enfolds.  
You romp amid the sunny scene,  
Or gambol gaily o'er the green;  
Enjoy at will the shaded nook,  
And wade in sport the singing brook.  
No yesterday your bliss disturbs,  
Nor noonday heat your vigor curbs:  
Yours is the bright increasing dawn,  
And in you shines life's hopeful morn.  
Your gravest task is but the school;  
Your law, the teacher's kindly rule.  
Within that little world so bright,  
Your hearts are satisfied and light.  
Play on, ye joyous train, and know  
The blessings that from virtue grow:  
In such condition will you find  
A fount of strength for frame and mind.  
The days of youth too soon are past,  
So catch their fragrance while they last!



## MAIDENHOOD.

Ye potent fair, whose dainty hand  
The fate of nations can command!  
Whose gentle voice, for rule designed,  
Can bend the fortunes of mankind!  
Your eye, though soft, such power conveys,  
That empires tremble at your gaze,  
Whilst every precept you express,  
A throng, to gain your smile, confess.  
Your thoughts for all a model make,  
And in your actions all partake;  
Should you not, then, essay to be  
A pattern of just dignity?  
So universal is your grace,  
That none can fill your honored place;  
The earth's dominion is your own,  
Nor lurks a rival by your throne!  
'Tis yours, blest maid, our race to sway,  
And lead us into night, or day;  
The jeweled sceptre of your will  
Can bring beatitude or ill.  
At the mild dictates of your reign  
Comes righteous joy or scourging pain,  
So to your God, Great Queen, be true,  
Since all the world but copies you!

## MANHOOD.

Wake, virile Youth! dismiss your toys,  
For labor follows childish joys.  
No more the hours of school and play;



'Tis yours to greet a sterner day.  
The future lies, a toilsome length,  
A field of conquest for your strength,  
And Industry throughout the land  
Awaits your animating hand.  
Through you the Western Desert's space  
Must like a garden bloom with grace,  
Whilst on the distant, silent tide  
The ships of commerce soon must glide.  
Your force must raise the busy mart  
Where now the forest-creatures dart,  
And learning's sacred diadem  
From you must gain an added gem.  
What men have made, men must sustain;  
When old men die, young men must reign,  
So feed your souls' ambitious fires,  
And study to succeed your sires.  
Around you whirl the waves of trade,  
With each new era sterner made:  
So what wise fathers did before,  
You must repeat, nor shrink from more!

#### MOTHERHOOD.

Mothers of Men! ye blessed band  
Whose power maintains the living land;  
How sacred your maternal state,  
Since you, like God, mankind create!  
Whate'er the world, whate'er its deeds,  
The world itself from you proceeds;  
Whate'er your lot; of pain or health,

Of poverty or boundless wealth;  
One thing o'er others you possess:  
The grateful child, your name to bless.  
Wide may your loved descendants roam,  
Yet none forgets the one at home,  
And far or near, each passing day,  
The millions for their mothers pray.  
As you your children close enfold,  
The rising age for good you mould,  
And prospering years their praises pour  
On mothers of the years before.

OLD AGE.

Ye reverend train, with long years blest,  
How oft have toil and care oppressed!  
Yet even amid your deepest woe,  
Did not the Lord some boon bestow?  
To you hath God His blessings lent  
Through times in pain or pleasures spent;  
Through direful dangers safely led,  
And every hunger wisely fed.  
In day of peace or day of strife,  
His mercy hath relieved your life;  
And up beyond the stellar dome,  
His bounty hath prepared your home.  
Reflect upon the lengthened span  
That turned the child from boy to man;  
The years succeeding, and the days  
When now you feel life's less'ning blaze.  
Do not enduring friendships prove  
The presence of Jehovah's love?

The babes upon your knees proclaim  
How blessed is their grandsire's name.  
Departed are your cares and fears,  
For hope relieves declining years;  
And naught but gladness greets your sight,  
As now you face Eternal Light!



*PART V.*



## THE HIDING PLACE OF ADAM.

"Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden." Gen. 3:8.

The reason Adam hid that day,  
And was afraid his Lord to see,  
Was all because of his sad fall—  
He would avoid God's company.

The sweet and holy fellowship,  
More precious far than tongue can tell,  
Was broken now because of sin,  
And Adam lay near death and hell.

His hiding place did not hide him,  
When God called him, to his dismay;  
The eyes that yet see everywhere,  
Saw Eve and Adam on that day.

There is no hiding place from God;  
With Him there is no day, no night;  
No past, no future does He see,  
For all is *Now*, and all is light.

In all the world there's but one thing,  
That causes shame and fear and woe,  
And that is SIN, nothing but SIN!  
As Adam's acts so plainly show.

## THE FALLING SPARROW.

"Are ye not much better than they?" Matt. 6:26.

There is a lesson here for all,  
Which shows God's care and love—  
The lesson of the sparrow's fall—  
He sees it from above.

With life its beating heart enthralls,  
So tender and so sweet;  
He watches till it lifeless falls,  
Poor sparrow, at His feet!

The eye that sees the sparrow fall,  
Will always be on me;  
Through sunshine, rain, sickness and health,  
I am where He can see.

And seeing, He will guide my feet  
In ways, where I should go;  
He'll feed my soul with heavenly meat,  
No matter who my foe.

How matchless is the Creator,  
Whose eye in loving care,  
Is kept on all that he has made—  
Whose ears hear every prayer.



## WITH JESUS I'LL GO THROUGH.

"Then said Jesus unto His disciples, If any man come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."  
Matt. 16:24.

I've started for the heavenly lands—  
With Jesus I'll go through!  
And I delight in His commands—  
With Jesus I'll go through!

He's with me every day and hour—  
With Jesus I'll go through!  
I feel His blood in all its power—  
With Jesus I'll go through!

I've left the world far, far behind—  
With Jesus I'll go through!  
For in Him all I need I find—  
With Jesus I'll go through!

He will sustain me when I'm weak—  
With Jesus I'll go through!  
His love and strength are all I seek—  
With Jesus I'll go through!

Some day I'll reach the Gate of Gold—  
With Jesus I'll go through!  
And share with Him in joys untold—  
With Jesus I'll go through!

## I'M COMING HOME.

"I will arise, and go to my father." Luke 15:18.

I'm coming home! I'm coming home!  
My way has been so full of sin;  
Weary I grow, so I will go  
To Christ, my Lord—I'm coming home!

I'm coming home! I'm coming home!  
He speaks in love, calls from above;  
His tender voice makes me rejoice;  
I'm coming home! I'm coming home!

I'm coming home! I'm coming home!  
Dark is the night, there is no light;  
Long is the day, I will not stay;  
I'm coming home! I'm coming home!

I'm coming home! I'm coming home!  
My father stands with outstretched hands,  
Inviting me, his child to be;  
I'm coming home! I'm coming home!

I'm coming home! I'm coming home!  
A mansion fair awaits me there,  
And loved ones wait inside the gate,  
And that's my home, my home, sweet home!

## WE'RE WORKING TOGETHER.

"Without me ye can do nothing." John 15:5.

We're working together, my Jesus and I ;  
He tells me His will, and I gladly comply ;  
I understand Him, and He understands me,  
And working is resting, while Jesus I see.

We're working together, my Jesus and I ;  
In order to help me He comes from on high ;  
The mountains He makes into valleys replete,  
The hills and rough places He smooths for my feet.

We're working together, my Jesus and I ;  
The fellowship's sweet, as on Him I rely ;  
I'm never alone, He is always with me,  
And, if I need aught, He will give it to me.

While working with Jesus the labor is light ;  
There's strength for the day, and there's songs in  
the night ;  
And, when I get hungry, he gives to me meat,  
The world does not know, but to me it is sweet.

We're working together, my Jesus and I ;  
Yes, working together, my Jesus and I ;  
He shows me the way, and I find it so true,  
He carries my burden, and carries me, too.

## THE GOOD OLD WAY.

"And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not enter therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall work there: And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isaiah 35:8-10.

The good oldfashioned way I love,  
The way the saints have trod;  
It leads from earth to heaven above;  
It is the way to God.

Long years ago my father's feet  
Were planted in this way;  
He found that it was good and mete—  
'Tis good for me today.

My mother walked the good old way,  
And held my childish hand;  
I'll walk in it until the day  
We meet in heaven's land.

The good old way is heaven below—  
'Tis good enough for me;  
To walk with Jesus, and to know,  
His blood from sin makes free.

The good oldfashioned way's my own;  
The saints, arrayed in white,  
Singing and shouting round the Throne,  
Found in this way delight.

## THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." Malachi 4:2.

The Sun of Righteousness has risen  
With healing in His wings of light;  
The radiance of His glorious face  
Blots out all traces of the night.

The Sun of Righteousness has risen,  
With healing in His wings of love;  
He lights the way from earth to heaven,  
That we may see our home above.

The Sun of Righteousness has risen,  
With healing in His wings of power;  
By these He can His flock protect,  
And use as His from hour to hour.

The Sun of Righteousness has risen,  
With healing in His wings of grace;  
He'll be to us all that we need,  
Until we see Him face to face.

The Sun of Righteousness has risen,  
With healing in His wings of might;  
Above the world He'll take His own,  
And there they'll dwell with Him in light.

## THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."  
Matt. 6:6.

There is a place I love to go,  
When I am sad and worn with care,  
When all my ways seem filled with woe—  
It is the place of secret prayer.

There is a place I love to be,  
When heaven's peace I wish to share,  
And God, my Father, I would see—  
It is the place of secret prayer.

There is a place I love to stay,  
And I may find it anywhere,  
If I but seek it day by day—  
It is the place of secret prayer.

There is a place of safe retreat  
From pitfall, and the Devil's snare,  
Where Satan's wicked wiles I'll cheat—  
It is the place of secret prayer.

There is a place my soul can feed  
On all the graces, rich and rare,  
That come from God, in word and deed—  
It is the place of secret prayer.

## COMMAND ME LORD.

"Here am I; send me." Isa. 6:8.

Command me, Lord, when Thou canst use  
The service I would render Thee;  
I ask not where, I ask not how,  
I only ask, Wilt thou use me?"

I have no choice—'tis Thine to make;  
All that I ask, or wish to be  
On land or sea, at home, abroad,  
Is to be used, my Lord, by Thee.

With armor on, and staff in hand,  
I'll gladly leave the world behind;  
I'm waiting for the Lord's command  
To do the work that He may find.

Command me, Lord! Command me, Lord!  
All things I'll do, all things I'll be,  
By day or night, afar or near,  
If service I can render Thee!

Command me, Lord! Command me, Lord!  
There is no task I'll ever shirk,  
If only Thou wilt make the choice,  
And show me that it is Thy work!

## THE WHITE HARVEST FIELD.

"Behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." John 4:35.

The field is white! To work today!  
The Master calls! Why still delay?  
The grain is ripe; the sun is high!  
The time to work is passing by!

The field is white! The laborers few!  
The Master calls and calls for you!  
He has a place none else can fill;  
For you, for *you*, He's waiting still!

The field is white! The grain will fall,  
If reapers do not heed His call;  
No time to lose, no time to waste,  
Away to labor—haste, oh, haste!

The harvest call is ringing clear;  
It echoes loud from far and near!  
The Master's voice in anxious plea,  
Is calling now for you and me!

The field is white! The need is great!  
Who'll enter now and not be late?  
Who'll gather in the golden sheaves?  
Who'll have in heaven more than leaves?



## SAFE IN DANGER.

"And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus." Matt. 14:29.

Fierce waves against the vessel beat  
That dangerous night on Galilee;  
But Jesus smoothed for Peter's feet  
A path upon that stormy sea.

Upon the waves he safely trod  
They thought would surely wreck the ship;  
But trusting to the living God  
He did not sink, he did not slip.

The One who smoothed the sea that night,  
Is watching us through all life's way;  
We need Him, and He is in sight  
And by our side He'll always stay.

And, if we but obey His will,  
There'll be a smooth way for our feet;  
Though perils, dangers threaten—still  
He'll help us over all we meet.

It is not much—'twill not take long  
For Jesus Christ to smooth our way;  
With just a word or just a look  
By Him—it's done—as we obey.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep." John 10:14.

The night may be dark, and the night may be cold,  
And I, like a sheep, may be far from the fold;  
In danger, near death, and surrounded by foes,  
But all that befalls me, the Good Shepherd knows.

The howling of wolves, and the raging of wind,  
Like anger and wrath, may pursue me behind,  
And the bottomless pit may terrorize me,  
But naught can occur the Good Shepherd won't see.

For the Good Shepherd knows the trackless, dark  
way,  
My soul has been wandering by night and by day;  
He's traveled it over, by land and by sea,  
In searching for others, and He will find me.

But this is the best of all comforts to me—  
My enemies from the Good Shepherd will flee;  
He'll watch, and protect, and take care I won't  
roam,  
And then He will bring me triumphantly home.

I'm glad that I've heard, and I'm glad that I know,  
The voice of the One who is ready to go,  
In search of the blind and the lame and the lost  
With never a thought of the hardships or cost.

## JESUS IS MY FRIEND.

"Thy waith hath made thee whole." Luke 17:19.

Jesus calls, "Come unto me!"  
"Come, and I will make you free!"  
"Come, my glory you may see."  
While the door is opened wide  
By Him who was crucified,  
I will come and His I'll be..

Jesus is the Truth, the Way,  
Leading to the realms of day,  
Where redeemed forever stay,  
Singing songs of pure delight  
In that land where is no night,  
And where all the Lord obey.

Jesus Savior, He's my friend!  
He will keep me to the end!  
On Him I can e'er depend!  
He will turn my night to day,  
And in trouble be my stay,  
And my soul He will defend.

Oh! how sweet it is to know,  
While our home is here below,  
That through Jesus we may go  
To the place He has prepared,  
And of which it is declared,  
"In that land there is no woe."

Jesus is the One true Light ;  
All in Him may lose their night,  
Finding to their soul's delight  
    That He's all in all to all  
    Who on Him in earnest call,  
And who will with Him unite

## NATIONAL PROHIBITION HYMN.

(Air, "America.")

"For He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet." I. Cor. 15:25.

The North and South agree  
Our Nation shall be free  
From rum's death reign;  
The sons of "blue" and "gray"  
Their country's call obey  
And rush to arms today  
Vict'ry to gain.

The curse that blights our race  
Shall have no more a place  
In our domain;  
Our Nation's flag shall wave  
In triumph o'er the grave  
Of alcohol, tho brave,  
Completely slain.

Long has this giant, great,  
Wrought death within our gate,  
But he must go;  
United we will stand  
And under God's command  
We'll banish from our land  
The liquor foe!

King Alcohol, good-by ;  
Your thrones all crumbled lie  
    From sea to sea ;  
Our sons and daughters, fair,  
May go forth anywhere  
From rum's destructive snare  
    Forever free !

## IF I WERE A LITTLE BIRD.

"Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Matt. 10:31.

If I were a little bird  
I would build my tiny nest  
High up on a great, tall tree  
And out on a big, strong branch;  
And then I would not be stirred,  
But calmly would take my rest  
When danger appeared to be  
Coming like an avalanche!

If I were a little bird  
I would sing a soft, sweet song,  
In bushes over a lawn  
Where dwelt the gentle and good;  
And then my voice would be heard  
By those who'd do me no wrong  
But by their love I'll be drawn,  
And we would be friends—we could.

If I were a little bird  
I would not go far,—my aim,  
From the home of my good friend,  
Where I could stay and be free;  
And then I would learn the word  
Most used in calling my name,  
And when it was called, I'd send  
My answer in melody.

## THE SONG OF THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." Luke 14:23.

I hear a call for aid,  
Like Macedonia's plea;  
It does not come from far,  
Dark lands beyond the sea  
But from the highways and  
The hedges of our land  
Where multitudes await  
The coming gospel band.

Somehow we've passed the hedge  
And highway with the word  
That Jesus saves today,  
So some have never heard.  
These hungry souls have called  
And waited for reply,  
And waiting still they call  
Who'll answer, "Here am I?"

The call shall be obeyed,  
We'll go with word and song,  
And take the bread of life  
To those who've waited long  
For heralds of the Cross,  
Embassadors of heaven,  
To spread the news abroad  
That sins may be forgiven.



We're ready now to go;  
We're ready now to go  
And tell of Jesus' blood,  
That washes white as snow.  
The highway and the hedge  
Shall hear the joyful sound  
That Jesus' blood will save  
Wherever man is found.

## THE HEATHEN'S PLEA.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world. Amen." Matt. 28:19, 20.

Far away beyond the deep  
 Millions wait, and millions weep  
 In the darkness of the night  
 For a ray of heavenly light.  
 They have never heard His name—  
 "Jesus Christ," nor that He came  
 From the Father-heart above  
 To redeem the lost by love.

Living, dying in despair,  
 No one for their souls to care,  
 Out their suppliant hands they reach,  
 Pleading for some one to teach  
 How that they may be forgiven,  
 And prepared at last for heaven.  
 Day and night they watch and wait,  
 Fearing help will come too late.

They can never know the way  
 Of the Cross and endless day,  
 If to them we do not take  
 Jesus Christ, whose blood can make  
 Whiter than the driven snow  
 All who long His love to know.  
 Shall we longer keep the light  
 Far from those whose day is night?

## UNANSWERED PRAYER.

"Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer." Prov. 2:28.

A time is coming when all men  
Will bow their knees for help and pray;  
They'll call and call, but all in vain,  
'Twill be too late for prayers that day!

Hearts which while here were always hard,  
Will break, while messages they bring;  
And knees, that would not bow, will bend  
That awful day before the King!

Eyes which through life were always dry,  
Will fill with many bitter tears  
And hearts, which turned away from God  
Will turn to Him that day in fear!

All who refused in life to call  
Upon the Great Almighty One,  
Will pray though prayer will not avail—  
They'll be for evermore undone!

The time when God can answer prayer  
Is swiftly coming to an end;  
And yet how blest to know that we  
Today can make the Lord our friend!

The prayers that day will be for rocks,  
     And mountains high on them to fall;  
 That hidden they may be from Him,  
     On whom in life they would not call.

He, who is God of mercy now,  
     Will be the God of justice then;  
 And everything the Bible says  
     The truth of it God will defend.

All unbelief in God and heaven,  
     The devil, hell—in Bible way—  
 Will then be gone, and all will know  
     That every word God says will stay.

More prayers will be unanswered then  
     Than have been answered through all time,  
 And all the prayers of that great day  
     Will not atone the smallest crime.

All "praying grounds and pleading terms"  
     Will be forever past that day;  
 Prayers will continue on and on,  
     But answering time be gone for aye.

## THE ENEMY TRIUMPHANT.

"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." I. Cor. 15:22.

The greatest army time has known  
Is active on the field today,  
With every woman, man and child  
A soldier at the front to stay.

An enemy, whose name is "Death,"  
Is waging war upon our race;  
He's fighting each and every one  
A winning battle, face to face.

And every mortal is lined up  
To fight this giant enemy,  
Whose hands are up to strike the blow  
To send each to eternity.

He boasts of generations slain  
Through every age, which has been known;  
He boasts that at the last he'll take,  
And make of every one his own.

He never plans for a defeat;  
He's not discouraged, when delayed;  
He waves his black flag high above,  
And fights on till success is made.

All soldiers in this great, great war  
     Are battling hard by day and night ;  
 No furlough, nor excuse avails,  
     For it is a whole lifetime fight.

The laws of health are rules by which  
     This warfare should be waged in might ;  
 But even then, when life's at best,  
     This enemy does not take flight.

The food we eat, the raiment worn,  
     The rest, the sleep, which life demands,  
 The remedies for all complaints,  
     All these are used to stay his hands.

But after all that we can do,  
     Precautions taken for each breath,  
 The battle which we fight for life  
     Will end in victory for Death.

Yet there is hope for every one ;  
     Through Jesus Christ, who is the Way,  
 We may obtain eternal life  
     And then with Him forever stay.

## ZACCHAEUS.

Luke 19:1-10.

When Jesus passed through Jericho  
In ages gone long years ago,  
A man of stature, small was he,  
Determined that the Lord he'd see.

He was a publican by trade,  
And large emoluments he made;  
His reputation was not good,  
For he extorted all he could.

When Jesus came along that day  
With His disciples on their way,  
Emergencies this man could meet  
To see the Lord upon the street.

He left his work, his heart beat fast,  
He felt he'd see Christ as He passed;  
With quickened step, and eye so keen,  
He very soon was on the scene.

But when he came into the street,  
A multitude was there to greet  
The Prince of Life, as He passed through,  
And he, so small, could get no view!

What should he do? Where should he go?  
 Back to his work? Not much! Not so!  
 He'd come to see the Lord that day,  
 And he determined he would stay!

With measuring eye, and active mind  
 He sought some likely place to find,  
 Where he could get a perfect view  
 Of Jesus Christ as He passed through.

He climbed up quickly on a tree,  
 And sat upon a branch where he  
 Looked down upon the throngs below,  
 And watch the masses come and go.

The company which Jesus led,  
 Came slowly near, with Him as head,  
 Until they reached the sycamore tree,  
 In which Zacchaeus climbed to see.

Then Jesus stopped, looked up on high,  
 And said, as He was passing by,  
 "Come down, Zacchaeus, from the tree,  
 Today I must abide with thee!"

He came down quickly from the tree,  
 As glad and happy as could be,  
 Delighted, though somewhat surprised  
 That he should thus be recognized.



Then, while the multitudes dispersed,  
While some were glad, and others cursed,  
Jesus went home to be the guest  
Of Zacchaeus, the greatly blessed.

And, while He sat with His new friend,  
Zacchaeus yearned his life to mend;  
He told his Master all his ways,  
And how he longed for better days.

He made confession, full and free,  
And even said that he would be  
Contented giving back fourfold  
Of things he'd got by falsehoods told.

Jesus knew then what he desired—  
No more than that could be required,  
And so He said unto His host,  
Who trusted to the uttermost:

“Salvation's come to you today,  
And all who're of this house to stay!”  
The names of that household were then  
All written down with golden pen—

In God's own Book of Life in heaven,  
Because their sins were all forgiven;  
And Zacchaeus was glad that he  
Climbed up that day into the tree.

## I'M ONLY ONE, BUT I'M ONE.

"And they stood every man in his place." Judges 7:21.

I looked into the starry sky,  
And saw a thousand orbs and more,  
Each like a diamond fair and bright  
In beauty sparkling o'er and o'er.

And then I looked upon the deep,  
The rolling waves from land to land,  
And pondered on the powers they held,  
Too vast for us to understand.

I cast my eyes upon the shore,  
Saw how of sand and soil 'twas made,  
Of countless billions of small grains,  
In simple grandeur deftly laid.

I saw the rolling land was green  
From mountain height down to the sea  
With vegetation of all kinds,  
As beautiful as it could be.

Once more I looked, and saw as well  
The men and women numberless,  
From Eden to the end of time,  
Each with a life to curse or bless.

As I stood looking at these things, ,  
A thought came to me, which remains ;  
'Tis this—the canopy above,  
With all the stars that it contains—

Is made complete of single stars ;  
Small drops of water make the sea ;  
And grains of sand the continents,  
And leaves the green coat o'er the lea.

And then the human family  
Is numbered as the seashore sands,  
So vast no one can number them,  
As units or in mighty bands.

The vastness of this great big world,  
From ocean depths to highest star,  
Of single things, each with its kind,  
Is made complete just as they are.

And so amid the countless throngs,  
Through all the ages o'er and o'er,  
I'm counted *One*—and I am *One*,  
And cannot be *One less or more*.

Then as a star, or water drop,  
Or leaf of plant, or grain of sand,  
I want to fill my place in life  
According to divine command.

No matter where my lot is cast,  
No matter what I have to face,  
One thing I want, one thing I seek—  
That I may fully fill my place.

I'm only *One*, but *I am One*,  
And Ones make up the race of man;  
And all that's done is done by Ones,  
By each One doing what he can!

## THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." John 12:32.

To all the ministers of Christ  
Of every sect and class today  
The urgent question now, Is how  
To reach the masses gone astray.

The tide of worldliness runs high,  
And sweeps with greater force each year,  
Engulfing all the multitudes,  
Who meet its course without a fear.

The devil's churches,—the play-house,  
The ball room, and the circus show,  
Pool halls, dram shops, and gambling dens,—  
Are places, where the people go.

Then, too, there is the Sunday crowd,  
Picnics, excursions on the bay,  
On motor cars, upon the trains,  
They desecrate the Holy Day.

There is a spirit of "don't care"—  
Indifference to the soul—as well,  
Which keeps out those, who otherwise  
The praises of the Lord might tell.

And while these places are well filled,  
 The Church of God on Sabbath days,  
 And also on prayer meeting nights,  
 Shows people go in other ways!

Few, few are coming to the Lord;  
 On many hearts the burden's great;  
 How long will all these things abide?  
 How long, how long must churches wait?

These questions day by day are asked  
 By those who'd know just what to do;  
 They see the "broadway" packed with souls,  
 And in the "narrow way" so few.

\*      \*      \*

There is a remedy complete,  
 A never failing cure, when tried,  
 It is not in, nor of this world,  
 But it is in the Crucified.

"And I, if I be lifted up  
 From earth, will draw all men to me:"  
 This promise, made by Jesus Christ,  
 To save the world is God's decree.

Christ does not hesitate to speak  
 In language plain to understand;  
 He says exactly what He'll do,  
 When we comply with His command.

He's ready to assume and hold  
All the responsibility  
Of drawing all men to Himself,  
When we do our part willingly

What He requires that we shall do  
And give Him opportunity:  
By lifting Him above the earth,  
So He can make all sinners free.

In motive, thought, and word, and act,  
The same always and everywhere,  
Is how we lift the Savior up,  
And in salvation do our share.

On that most wonderful of days,  
Known as the Day of Pentecost,  
Jesus, the Christ, was lifted up—  
He had a chance to save the lost.

Not then they preached their personal views,  
Nor art, nor science on that day;  
The central theme was Jesus Christ,  
Who is the Truth, and Life, and Way.

And, when the hungry multitude  
Caught glimpses of His loving face,  
And felt He drew them by His love,  
Three thousand were saved by His grace.

The problem of all problems now  
Is how to reach the masses—all;  
Though there are many theories, plans,  
Somehow they fail, somehow they fall.

In Jesus Christ the problem's solved;  
One thing, and only one, He asks;  
When that's accomplished, He will do  
The very greatest of all tasks.

His plan is made, His word is given,  
His promise stands forever sure;  
He's waited long, is waiting still,  
The world's salvation to secure.

The Church of God is strong enough  
With willing workers o'er each land  
To give a chance to Jesus Christ  
To save the world, to save each man.

Awake, awake, O Church of God!  
The dying world must rescued be!  
The means to save it are at hand—  
Ours the responsibility!



## THE CHURCH OF GOD.

"I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Matt. 16:18.

### THE FOUNDATIONS.

The Church of God is built on Christ;  
He is its firm foundation, true;  
He was, He is, He e'er shall be  
The Rock of Ages—ages through.

The Church of God was planned in heaven  
With Jesus as its Corner Stone,  
And has beneath and over it  
The sanction of the Great White Throne.

Other foundations cannot be  
Than that which God Almighty laid,  
Which bears the imprint of His love,  
And shows that by Him it was made.

Against the holy Church of God  
The gates of hell shall not prevail;  
His promise stands, and is secure;  
His Church on earth shall never fail.

The Church of God is heaven's door  
To every one of Adam's race,  
Who'll come to Jesus, and be saved  
By His redeeming love and grace.

### THE HEAD.

The Church of God has as its Head  
 The same as its foundation stone,  
 The everlasting—Jesus Christ—  
 God's gift to man, and yet God's own.

The place of Jesus as its Head  
 No man, nor set of men can take;  
 It's fixed, and fixed it will remain,  
 Too strong for any power to shake.

There's naught too small in all the Church  
 For its Great Head to understand;  
 His love and promise reach extremes,  
 From sea to sea, from land to land.

To Jesus Christ, who is the Head,  
 Belongs all power and majesty,  
 And in His hand the Church of God  
 Is safe from every enemy.

The Church of God in all its parts,  
 Knows that its purpose is divine, ,  
 And bows submissive to its Head,  
 In loyalty which is sublime.

### THE BODY.

The Body of the Church of God  
 Is formed of many, many parts,  
 And each one has its place to fill,  
 As wisdom its Great Head imparts.

No sect, no creed, no class, no ism,  
No matter what its claims may be,  
Makes up the Church of God on earth,  
As those, not blinded, plainly see.

The Church of God is formed of those,  
Who have birthrights in it from heaven,  
Those who've been "born again" of God,  
And who by grace are kept forgiven.

The Body of the Church of God  
Is one vast blood-washed company,  
Made one in Jesus Christ, its Head,  
And in him from all sin kept free.

The Body of the Church of God  
In all its forms, and all its ways,  
In every land, and all the time, ,  
Its Head implicitly obeys.

#### ITS MISSION.

The mission of the Church of God  
Was fixed before the Church was planned.  
It has a field all to itself  
Against which rivalry can't stand.

The work of sin the devil wrought  
Left every soul an heir of hell;  
There was no balm in all the land  
To heal the wounds which sins compel.

Unspeakable the plight of man,  
 Away from God, where could he go?  
 The road was broad, and all the world  
 Was headed for eternal woe.

God planned the Church, and sent it forth  
 As His own institute to stand,  
 To be His representative  
 Of heaven on earth in every land.

As one, who ministers to souls,  
 The Church of God stands all alone;  
 It points to Him, whose blood can make  
 The guilty whole, and all His own.

#### THE CALL.

The Church of God sends out a call,  
 A call, that's full of love and grace,  
 To every woman, man and child,  
 Of Adam's lost and ruined race.

Though sin has killed, grace can restore;  
 There's yet a chance for every one,  
 Who'll hear and heed the call God sends,  
 And come to His Beloved Son.

There's none too weak, too old, too young,  
 Eternal life in heaven to win;  
 To all, who come, His promise is  
 That He will save them from all sin.

He will not ask how far they've gone  
From Him in sin's destructive way ;  
Nor will He ask to hear their crimes,  
But this—"Wilt thou be saved today?"

No matter who it is replies  
"Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee!"  
He'll find in Jesus through the Church  
That saving grace which makes souls free.

THOSE WHO ARE WELCOME.

The Church will take the penniless ;  
Gold cannot pay the entrance fee ;  
Freely is every one received,  
Who'll give up sin and from it flee.

The homeless, too, the Church will take,  
The very poorest that are known,  
And welcome them into its fold,  
And help them on towards God's white throne.

The Church of God with open door  
Is reaching out a helping hand  
To homeless, needy, blind and poor,  
Obeying Christ the Lord's command.

No matter what the past has been,  
No matter who, that wants to come ;  
The Church of God is open wide,  
For all who'll make heaven their home.

The Church of God as nothing else,  
     Has open door to every soul;  
 And every one who will may come  
     And enter heaven through its fold.

#### EXPERIENCES.

The Church of God on earth is made  
     Of those with Christ in one accord;  
 They're bound as one by ties of love  
     In sweet communion with the Lord.

In Him they're one great family,  
     With mutual love and service sweet;  
 His brother's burden each one bears,  
     And lays it down at Jesus' feet.

The Church of God is bound to Christ  
     With holy bonds of heavenly love;  
 Its fellowship and pure delight  
     Is close akin to that above.

A sweet and blessed consciousness,  
     That Jesus saves, and keeps by grace,  
 Fills all the heart and life with joy,  
     Of those who run the heavenly race.

In all the world outside the Church,  
     There is no fellowship so sweet  
 As that of blood-washed kindred souls  
     Who through the Church in Jesus meet.

REWARDS.

God through the Church gives great rewards ;  
He's promised much to every one,  
Who'll come and live within its gate,  
Until his life's work here is done.

The first reward that can be given,  
Is that of pardon, full and free ;  
The next is fellowship with Him  
Who dwelleth in eternity.

And there is, too, reward of grace,  
Sufficient for the day and hour—  
No matter what, no matter where,  
Abundance of God's keeping power.

But, best of all, ETERNAL LIFE  
At God's right hand—and this reward,  
All will receive in heaven above,  
Who follow Jesus Christ the Lord.

A home in heaven for evermore,  
With Jesus and with loved ones, dear,  
Is what awaits the faithful ones,  
Who live for God, and have no fear.

## THE ELEVEN COMMANDMENTS.

Ex. 20:3-17. John 13:34, 35.

The Lord called Moses to the topmost height  
Of burning Sinai, and there gave him  
Commandments ten, to rule men till they die.  
Of these commandments, four, as seen, define  
Man's duty to his God; the other six  
Define man's duty to his fellow-man,  
That every one may live, and let live, too,  
According to Almighty God's good plan.  
When Jesus came to earth, a new command  
He gave a standard for the human race,  
Which has in it the steadfast principles  
Of all involved in God's own saving grace.

## I.

The First Commandment of the Ten declares  
The One, to whom we owe allegiance first,  
And last, and all the time, no matter where,  
Upon this earth, at any time, we go;  
For, "Thou shalt have no other God but Me."  
These everlasting words fell from His lips.  
The "Thou shalt not" is very plain indeed;  
There is, can be, but *One* true living God;  
He is the God of all the human race.  
This law has been, and will be fixed for aye;  
No change in it can possibly be made  
Without the wreck of all foundations laid.



## II.

Commandment Two is like unto the First;  
The "Thou Shalt Not" forbids the further act  
Of making any images as gods.  
And furthermore this law declares that none  
Shall make obeisance at an idol shrine;  
For only One, and He Divine, can hear  
The heart cry of the hungry soul on earth.  
There is a curse attached unto this law,  
Which reaches unto all posterity;  
But there are blessings, too, for all of those,  
Who do not violate the Second law.

## III.

The Third commandment deals with God's own  
name—  
His sacred, holy name—prohibiting  
Vain use of it, no matter what the claim.  
The words run thus—"Thou shalt not take the name  
Of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord  
Will not hold him guiltless, who takes His name  
In vain." This plainly teaches that the name  
Of the Great Deity cannot be used  
At all except in reverential ways.  
Profanity on street, in shop, on farm,  
At home, or anywhere, is here forbidden.  
No one, in fact, can take God's name in vain,  
In any way, in any land, without  
A violation of this stern command.

## IV.

The Fourth commandment with a "Thou shalt not"  
Has in it many things required of men;  
Still, in many things there is just one,  
Which seems to cover all the rest with care.  
It says the Sabbath of the Lord our God  
Must ever be a Holy Day to us,  
On which to rest from all our daily toil,  
And only worship Him, whom we obey.  
In this, the Fourth commandment, there may lie  
The key of all the other ten, for he,  
Who keeps the Sabbath Day as he should do,  
In him all graces surely may abound.  
A strict observance of this Holy Day  
Produces reverence for the Lord our God,  
And makes the way desirable to live  
For heaven's great and promised rich reward.

## V.

The Fifth commandment has a promise given  
To those who would make it their very own.  
The promise is for children who would give  
All honor to their parents—on this earth,  
Long life, long life shall be reward for them.

## VI.

The Sixth—"Thou Shalt Not Kill!"—what awful  
words!  
Will man kill man? Ah! what an awful thought!  
And yet 'tis true, has been, and will be yet,  
As long as men their Holy God forget.

Of this command there should be little use;  
There would be none,, if all would keep the laws.  
What happiness! 'twould be like a paradise—  
One law for all, the heavenly law of Love!

### VII.

Another "Thou Shalt Not" comes ringing clear,  
A "Thou Shalt Not" of perfect purity.  
For those, who would have sweet and happy homes,  
And, too, the truest and the best of friends,  
For those, who would have lives of usefulness  
Through all the changes that Jehovah sends.  
Two ways await the feet of man below—  
The good, the bad; the upward and the down;  
He wills, He does; He seals his destiny.

### VIII.

The Eighth commandment shields the property,  
The right of friends and foes from theft and greed  
And none of us has aught but is **H**is own,  
And so we all are on equality.

### IX.

The Ninth—"Against thy neighbor thou shalt not  
Bear witness false"—is God's command this time.  
The motive of this law is that each man  
May be as he was first of all conceived,  
Each on equality and in everything  
In manhood's grade. Then all are safe, and all  
Is well, each is his brother's keeper true.  
In honor each prefers his fellow man  
In every deed of good they think or do.

## X.

The last, "Thou Shalt Not," given on that Mount,  
Forbids the craving for the neighbor's goods.  
That which belongs to others is their own  
By right—it must be so—to covet is  
Against all laws, and every sense of right!

\* \* \*

But Jesus gave a new command, which stands  
Above those given by Moses in the Mount,  
In that it covers all the Ten contain,  
And is the goal, for which truth ever stands.  
There is no ring of "Thou Shalt Not" in this;  
The "do" supplants most fittingly the "not."  
All they, who with the new command comply,  
None of the old will surely break at all;  
For in the keeping of the new command  
Is that which makes the righteous and the good.  
This is the law of equity, which works  
Both in and for us all God's glorious plan.  
God it enthrones within the heart of all,  
And makes one brotherhood alone of man.  
It gives to each that which is all his own;  
Regardless of environment it makes,  
Life what it ought to be forevermore.  
"Love one another" is the new command—  
The last one given, but first in importance.

















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